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CHANDAMAMA

Catch The
Adventures of G-Man
in this issue

G-man

**DARA SHIKOH'S
DAUGHTER**
(Page 48)



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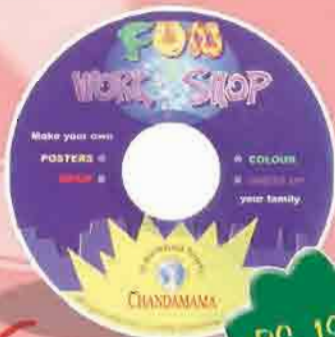


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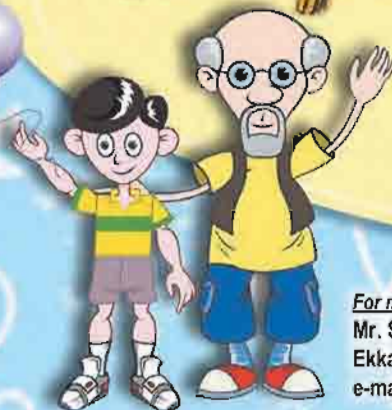
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HURRY!



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DISCIPLINE IN PROTECTING EARTH

The world witnessed one of the worst tragedies in recent times when more than 250,000 lives perished in what has come to be called the tsunami tragedy, which followed an earthquake of high intensity in the ocean.

Within a month of this calamity, there was unexpected heavy rainfall in parts of Europe, the Middle East and the U.S.A. The northern parts of India experienced heavy snowfall and thick fog and avalanches disrupting normal life. Earth tremors have continued unabated in areas which had been affected by the tsunami tidal waves.

Different explanations and excuses have been advanced by experts and scientists, for the way the earth and its elements like the atmosphere, and land and water mass behave. Nature has its own way of reacting to its desecration by, whom, none other than human beings.

It is high time people followed some discipline in protecting planet Earth. Simple things like keeping one's surroundings clean will go a long way in maintaining the balance in Nature, which is affected by large-scale deforestation and pollution of the atmosphere and the waterways. Nature steps in whenever and wherever humans try to dominate over Nature.

This brings us to a day when the whole world can concentrate on thinking of the earth. Just as a single prayer can be significant, how much more will be when millions of people throughout the world join in peaceful thoughts and prayers to nurture Nature? It is not as though one must think of the earth only on one day in a year. When we think of discipline in protecting earth, an annual event will certainly deepen our reverence for earth and care for life on our planet.

Earth Day falls on March 21, followed by Water Day a day later. Let us observe both days for the future of mankind.

I love the Christmas-tide and yet, I notice this, each year I live;

I always like the gifts I get, but how I love the gifts I give!

- Carolyn Wells

Our chiefs are killed ... The little children are freezing to death.

My people ... have no blankets, no food ... My heart is sick and sad

... I will fight no more forever.

- Chief Joseph

Let arms give place to civic robes, laurels to paeans.

- Cicero

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MAIL BAG



**This came from Ramhari
U.Gholve, Talegaon, Pune:**

My daughter Rajani is very fond of *Chandamama*. Once, at Pune railway station, I bought a copy for her to read during our journey. Ever since then and till date, she has read 24 issues. She likes the historical stories and mythology, all general knowledge articles, jokes, science quiz and environmental stories. Because of her companionship with *Chandamama*, I also became a friend of the magazine. Definitely, this magazine is helping the young generation to improve all the way.

**This came from Md.Monirul Islam of
Lalgola, Murshidabad:**

My friend said *Chandamama* is very good for children, but I did not believe him till I got a copy and read it. It is good for not only children but for the young and even adults. From then on I have been reading it.

**From Malleswaram, Bangalore, writes
S.Vismitha Katyayani:**

It was a memorable moment when I saw my joke printed in the magazine. I agree with reader Sandhya of Bangalore and request that the cover be printed in a better (thicker) quality paper.

**This came from
A.K.N.Suresh of Miryalaguda:**

I am studying in the 9th class. I have been an avid reader of *Chandamama* for the past four years. *Chandamama* is a collection of good stories with moral values and humour. I like Laugh till you drop, Kaleidoscope, Puzzle-dazzle, and folk tales the most. Please publish stories from the two epics. I am getting warm response when I introduce *Chandamama* to my friends.

**Reader A.Padmini Nanda
of Bangalore writes:**


I enjoy reading *Chandamama*. I am a regular reader. I like Puzzle-dazzle, Laugh till you drop, and News Flash, but my favourite is Arya (comics). Hats off to *Chandamama*.

**Reader Bhavika of
Shalimar Bagh, Delhi, writes:**

I began reading *Chandamama* when I was in IInd Standard. Now I am in IVth Standard. I am a fan of *Chandamama*. What I like most are Laugh Till You Drop, Puzzle-dazzle, Ruskin Bond's stories, Science Fair, Science Quiz, and Jataka Tales. *Chandamama* helps me to speak better English. I hope you will give more stories.

**NEW TALES
OF KING
VIKRAM AND
THE VETALA**

The Astrologer's Destiny



It was a dark, moonless night. Occasional flashes of lightning lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky and frightening shadows in the cremation ground. Occasionally, the spine-chilling howl of a jackal or the blood-curdling laughter of some unseen evil spirit cut into the silence that hung, shroud-like, over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the ancient gnarled tree from which the corpse hung. Bones crunched under his feet and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched ahead.

Oblivious to all this, he reached the tree and brought down the corpse. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, “O King! No doubt you’re a very courageous and determined man to be out here on this midnight errand. But sometimes, determined and learned men like yourself have been known to abandon their learning and go to desperate limits in pursuit of their goal. Let me tell you the story of a famous astrologer who had to seek the advice of an ignorant youth when it came to taking a personal decision.”

The story narrated by the vampire was as follows – Shantaram of Sitapur village had a handsome, robust, and good-natured son named Bhaskar. Dinakar, a peasant from the same village, was attracted by the youth’s good qualities and desired to give his daughter in marriage to him.

However, when he approached him with a marriage proposal, Bhaskar demurred, saying, “Sir, I am



unemployed and earning nothing at the moment. I'm ready to marry your daughter, but only after I get a job."

Dinakar was in a fix. He wanted Bhaskar for his son-in-law, but was not wealthy or influential enough to arrange a job for him. Finally, he approached the village astrologer, Sridhar, acquainted him with the facts, and asked, "Could you consult your charts and tell me when Bhaskar is likely to start earning?"

Sridhar checked the horoscopes of Bhaskar and Dinakar's daughter, Sandhya. After doing some astrological calculations, he said, "If Bhaskar moves to Matangpur after marrying your daughter, he'll start earning well."

Dinakar was happy to hear this. He informed Bhaskar's father, Shantaram, of the astrologer's prediction. Bhaskar himself had no faith in astrology, though his father was a firm believer. Shantaram coaxed his son to marry Sandhya, promising to support the couple himself if the prediction did not come true. Bhaskar had to yield.

Soon after the wedding, Bhaskar and his bride moved

to Matangpur. When their search for a house yielded no results, Bhaskar met a rich man and asked, "Would you please let us stay in your house? I'm looking for a job, and shall pay you the rent with arrears as soon as I get one!"

The rich man looked Bhaskar up and down, and finally replied, "My house is a big one, and can easily accommodate you. But before that, I'll put you to a test. Four men – Ram, Som, Naresh and Kiran – have taken loans from me, but evade all my efforts to realise the loans, on some pretext or the other. Today I want to recover the dues from at least one of them. You must tell me which of them I should meet to get my money."

Bhaskar was flabbergasted. How could he answer such a question, about four men whom he had not even met? But he had to say something, and so at length he blurted out, "Go and meet Naresh, he will repay your loan in full."

The man followed his advice. To his surprise, the hitherto evasive Naresh welcomed him warmly and handed over the full amount, exactly as predicted by Bhaskar!

This incident proved a turning point in Bhaskar's life. Not only did he get the accommodation promised to him, he was also hailed as an astrologer with uncanny powers of foresight!

From then on, people began flocking to Bhaskar, requesting him to use his astrological skills to solve their problems. He listened attentively, drew out all the facts by asking questions, and then suggested solutions after giving considerable thought to the issue. As a result, his words generally came true. By and by his fame spread, until he was making a comfortable living in Matangpur by his fortune-telling.

One day, his wife Sandhya suggested, "You're a really good astrologer. Why don't we leave this place and settle in the capital? There you'll be able to come up by the patronage of the king and the nobility, and we'll soon become rich."

Bhaskar laughed and said, "I don't know astrology; nor do I believe in it. My words are coming true because luck is on my side. Yes, we can move to the capital and do some business there. It will prosper as long as my

lucky streak continues.” But Sandhya persisted. “You don’t know your own strength. Pandit Sridhar had recognised you as a gifted astrologer. You mustn’t give up astrology without consulting him.”

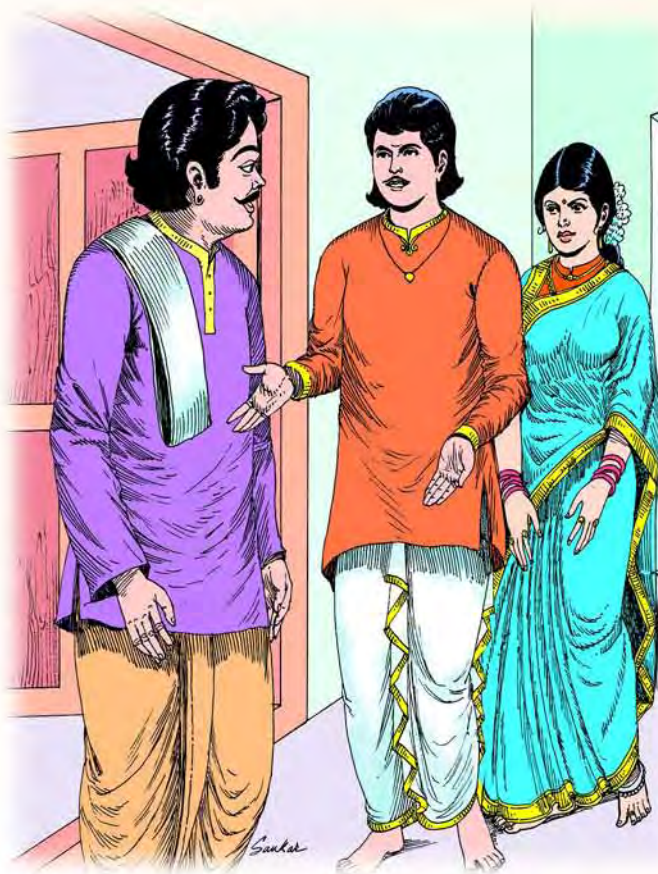
As they were talking, who should come in but Pandit Sridhar himself! They received him courteously. The elderly astrologer complimented Bhaskar, saying, “Son, you’re truly a gifted astrologer. Your skill goes beyond mere science.”

“Sir, your visit comes at a juncture when I myself was thinking of coming to meet you,” said Bhaskar. “May I know what brings you here?”

Sridhar replied, “I’ve come to consult you in your professional capacity. Lakshman, a farmer of Sitapur, has five acres of farmland, which he wants to dispose of in order to go and live with his son, who has recently secured a job at the king’s court. The land is worth 500 gold coins at the most. But he wants me to purchase it for a thousand gold coins.”

“But why is he making such an unreasonable demand?” asked Bhaskar.

“That’s a long story,” replied the Pandit.



“Some time ago, Lakshman came to me in great distress. His crops had failed; he was heavily in debt; his son was jobless. To console him, I made my calculations and told him that things would soon change for him. He would get a bumper harvest and thus be able to repay his debts; his son would get a good job with the king; he would unearth a hidden treasure on his land. And the tide did turn for Lakshman. Except for the one about the treasure, all my predictions came true. Now he argues that I will be compensated for the price by the treasure, which will surely be worth much more. But as matters stand, the plot is not worth a thousand gold coins. I don’t know what to do. That’s why I’ve come to seek your advice on the matter.”

“But how can I help you?” asked Bhaskar in surprise.

“If you confirm my prediction about there being a hidden treasure in the land, I shall buy it,” asserted Sridhar.

“Sir! When I was wandering about, jobless, it was you who guided me to take up astrology for my vocation. How can I know something which you don’t?”

“Son, your words will come true! I may be learned, but you have luck on your side. I believe in you. Tell me whatever comes to your mind!”

Unable to refuse this request, Bhaskar finally advised Sridhar to go ahead with the purchase. Sridhar thanked him and returned to Sitapur.

Sandhya, who had been closely following the whole conversation, now told Bhaskar, “You better give up astrology. Let’s go to the capital and start a business.”

Bhaskar laughingly asked his wife, “So, you’ve finally lost your blind faith in my astrology?”

“Not at all,” said Sandhya. “What I have in mind is this – through the business, we can quickly make enough money to buy the plot from Pandit Sridhar. We can dig out the hidden treasure, which then becomes rightfully ours!”

Bhaskar and Sandhya shifted to the capital, where they started a business. It prospered, and very soon they had earned no less than 10,000 gold coins.

Taking this money, they went to Sitapur. Bhaskar’s father, Shantaram, happily welcomed the couple and said, “You’ve come at a good time. Today Pandit Sridhar, the astrologer, is throwing a grand feast for the whole village.

You see, he recently unearthed a rich treasure on his land! It seems he knew of the existence of the treasure beforehand, by applying his astrological skills. Isn't it a real windfall – finding a treasure of 50,000 gold coins on a plot of land purchased for a mere thousand gold coins?"

Bhaskar was dumbstruck by this piece of news. He was in a dilemma as he should whether to resume his business or to return to practising astrology.

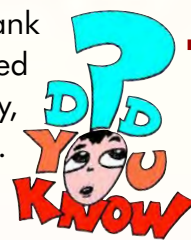
Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King! Sridhar was undoubtedly a learned astrologer; why then did he consult Bhaskar about buying the land? Did he lack confidence in his own knowledge? As for Bhaskar, he had no knowledge of astrology whatsoever. Then how did his predictions come true? Answer my questions, or else your head will shatter to a thousand pieces!"

The king replied, "A wise man is always alert and observant. Even a great physician, when he himself or one in his family falls ill, calls in another physician instead of giving the treatment himself. Similarly, there is nothing wrong in a learned astrologer consulting another astrologer before deciding on a serious personal issue. That is just what Sridhar did. As for Bhaskar, he was no astrologer, but his words came true because luck was always with him. Sridhar took his advice because he believed in his luck."

No sooner had the king finished speaking than the vampire, along with the corpse, moved off his shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. With a little sigh, King Vikram squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree, his dogged determination evident in his steady gait.



Did you know how the famous Oz books got their name? Frank L. Baum, the creator of the classic children's series, named the land of Oz after a file cabinet in his office! Apparently, one cabinet was labelled 'A to N' and the other, 'O to Z'. It was the second that provided the author with the inspiration for the magical name!



A bird performs its chewing function through its stomach. Since birds do not have teeth, a bird routinely swallows small pebbles and gravel. These become vigorously agitated in its stomach and serve to grind food as it passes through the digestive system.

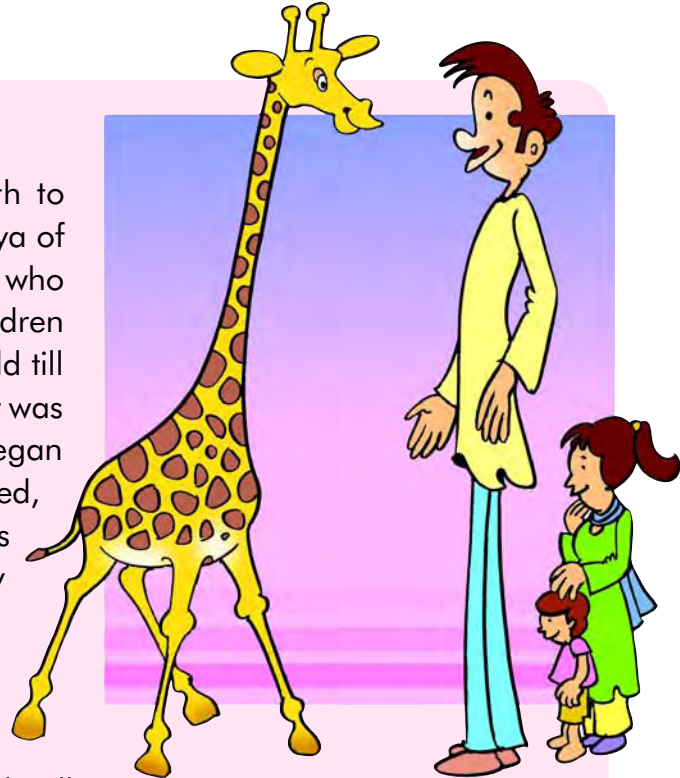




Newsflash

TWO 'TALL' STORIES

When some 'short' people would go any length to increase their height, here is 29-year-old Gattayya of Ramagundam, in Karimnagar district of Andhra Pradesh, who is cursing his height! He is 7ft 6 inches tall. One of six children of Raja Narasu and Narasamma, he was a normal child till he was 11 years old, when he had a bout of high fever. It was brought under control, but in the next 8 years, he began growing tall and taller. Doctors feared that, if left unchecked, his height would even be a bane on his brain. He was operated upon in 1996 and he stopped growing any further. Some schools gave him admission so that he could be in their volleyball and basketball teams, but in the classroom he found himself an object of disturbance. Later he tried for jobs, without much success. He used to be called to fix the lights on lamp posts or to whitewash tall buildings. The other day, he visited Hyderabad where he called on the Chief Minister with a request for a job. It looks as though Gattayya is destined to lead a lonely life.



It is a different story for 38-year-old Herald Englign of Germany for whom his 7ft 1 inch height has never posed a problem. He is happily married to Sherin of Calicut, Kerala, and they have three children. Sherin was employed as a fashion designer in a textile firm in Mumbai when she met Herald for the first time. Herald, too, was engaged in textile trade.

Against stiff opposition from their families, they got married in Chennai in 1993. Herald is currently heading an electronics firm. Recently he was in Kerala on business and the family attracted admiring crowds wherever they went. Herald says he can partner anyone willing to 'tango' with him forgetting his height!



Longest statue

When it is completed, and soon too, the 416m long Sleeping Buddha in Yiyang, China, will be the longest statue in the world. The construction was started in May 2002.



From the pen of
Ruskin Bond

THE BOY WHO COULD SEE FOOTSTEPS



About 50 miles from the city of Benares, in India, there once lived, in a great dark cave, a creature called a Yakka. She had the face of a horse and the body of a woman. She was strong and fierce as a tigress. And she lived upon the flesh of any man or beast whom she could trap.

One day the Yakka caught a school teacher who was travelling alone towards Benares. She carried him off with great speed into her cave. When she saw that he was young and handsome, she asked him whether, if she were to spare his life, he would marry her. And the teacher, thinking that of two evils this would be less troublesome, agreed to become her husband.

Afterwards the Yakka grew more and more humane and gentle, gave up eating human beings and tried in various ways to reform herself. However, she always feared that her teacher-husband would run away if ever he got a chance, so she used to roll a huge stone in front of the entrance to the cave whenever she went out to collect food. In this way the poor teacher was kept a prisoner.

The Yakka was happy enough, and spent her days lying in wait for passing caravans. Fearful travellers were only too ready to part with food and spices, and upon these the Yakka and her husband lived. Soon a son was born to them. In spite of being cooped up in a dark, cold cave, he grew into a strong and clever boy. The Yakka was devoted to him and did all she could to make him and his father comfortable and happy. But the poor teacher pined for freedom. He longed for sunshine and fresh breeze, for the sights and sounds of the city.

One day his son told him, "Father, why is my mother's face so different from ours?"

"Because she's a Yakka, son, and we are human beings."

"Then why do we live with her in this gloomy cave, instead of among our fellows?"

"Because of the big stone which the Yakka rolls in front of the cave's entrance. It's too heavy for me to move. But you've your mother's strength—try to move it."

The boy sprang up and, setting his shoulder to the stone, easily rolled it aside. He seized his father by the hand and they ran until the teacher, unused to the light



and air, became half-blind and dizzy from the exertion. Even the boy was breathless. They sat down to rest; but before they had recovered enough to go on, they heard the thud of the Yakka's feet in pursuit, and she soon caught up with them.

"Oh, thankless husband and more thankless child!" she cried. "Why do you want to run away? What did you lack in my home? You lie on beds of leaf and moss. You eat dates and drink the wine of pomegranates."

"But, Mother," answered the boy, "we lack air and light, and these are more necessary to us than wine and dates."

"Come back with me and you shall have both," she said. So they returned, and she broke the great stone into splinters, and allowed them to wander into the woods and up and down the road; but whenever they got some distance away from the cave, they would always hear her great feet thudding after them.

One day the boy found out that his mother's power extended only as far as the river one way, and as far as the mountains the other way. So when she was fast asleep, on a dark night, he and his father crept out of the cave and fled towards the river. They had just managed to reach the bank when they heard the sound of the Yakka's feet thudding after them. But the boy did not halt. He hoisted his father on his back and waded up to his waist in the stream. Then, safe from the Yakka's power, he looked back.

"Come back, come back!" she was crying.

"I'll return one day," replied the boy. "We're men, and it's right that we should dwell among men. But you're my mother and have given me your love. So, I'll return."

The Yakka knelt upon the river bank and wept tears into the running water, but father and son had already made their way to the other bank. She no longer pleaded with them; but, because she loved her child dearly, she told him he should take from her a talisman that should prove of great value to him in the world of men.

"Take this stone," she said, throwing it across to him, "and hang it about your neck. By its power you'll be able to see footsteps even twelve years after they have been made upon the ground by the feet of men."

The boy caught the stone and fastened it round his neck. Then, waving goodbye, he and his father took the



road to Benares. All the way the boy saw thousands of footprints—prints that had long since disappeared from the sight of ordinary humans—and at first he was confused by these tell-tale signs of the men and women who had come and gone that way over the years; but he soon got used to them, and even began to identify the more interesting footprints, and by the time they reached Benares he had come to the conclusion that no two footprints were the same. As soon as they arrived in the city, they went straight to the king's palace, where the boy's father was appointed a teacher in a school for young princes. The king soon heard from his ministers that the teacher's son had the power of seeing long-vanished footsteps.

"Should any robber tamper with the royal treasury, my son can trace the thief and find the valuables," the teacher announced to the chief minister. "Why not ask your royal master to take the boy into his service?"

The king was only too glad to do so, for he was extremely rich and miserly, and always lived in fear of being robbed.

"How much does this boy expect us to pay him?" was his first question.

"A thousand rupees daily," said the minister.

“Too much, too much!” complained the king. But the boy held out for that sum, and the king had at last to agree to it.

Some months passed and, as the fame of the boy’s gift passed through Benares, no attempts were made to rob the treasury.

The king was still unhappy about the fee he was paying the boy. “How’re we to know that he’s not an impostor?” he complained. “We’re paying him a thousand rupees daily, and he does nothing but sit on an expensive rug near my marble fountain, playing chess with his father and drinking lemonade! I’m being cheated!”

The next night two thieves broke into the vaults where the treasure was kept. They took many jewels and a good amount of money, which they placed in sacks. Then they walked three times round the palace, passed through the gardens, climbed the wall by means of a ladder and finally reached a tank in the middle of a meadow. They dropped the sacks into the tank and then disappeared into the night.

Next day the king raised a terrible outcry. Some of the most precious of the crown jewels had been stolen! The thief must be found! Where was the boy who could see footsteps?

“Here I am, Sire,” said the boy, hurrying to the king’s audience chamber. “I shall trace the thieves at once!”

And starting from the vaults, he walked three times round the palace, passed through the gardens, climbed the wall at a certain spot and finally reached the tank in the meadow. He ordered a diver to enter the water and bring up whatever he could find at the bottom.

“I’ve seen the footsteps of two men all the way,” he said, “and they’re men of distinction.”

For some moments there was deep silence as they all stood around gazing down into the tank.

People clapped and cheered as the diver brought up, one after the other, the bags full of treasure. But the king, who appeared disappointed to see how well the boy was earning his salary, whispered to his minister, “This is all very well. He has recovered the treasure. But can he trace the thieves? Let us test him further.” And turning to the boy, he said aloud, “Now find me these thieves.”

“That would not be necessary now that the jewels and money are recovered,” said the boy thoughtfully.

But the king insisted. “I shall cut your salary by half if

you cannot find the thieves. My heart longs to punish those rascals.”

“Be careful of what you say, Sire,” said the boy. “If it is someone upon whom the people depend, what shall the people do?”

“Punish him, of course!” said the king, laughing.

“Shall I name the thieves, then?” asked the boy for the last time.



“Yes, or I cut your thousand rupees daily down to a hundred!”

“Yourself and your ministers, O King! You’re the thieves!”

And when the people learned that their rulers stooped to all this trickery to fill their private coffers with wealth that should have been used for the benefit of the kingdom, they decided that these two were not worthy to hold positions of trust over them. So they dethroned the king and exiled him and his minister, and gave the crown to the boy who saw their footsteps.

READ AND REACT

A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS CASH PRIZE OF RS. 250 FOR THE BEST ENTRY

Read the story below:

The Zamindar of Jaunpur wished to employ a sentry for his treasury. Two young men, Vir and Vasant, were recommended to him. He asked Vir to stand guard for a night on a trial basis. Next morning he called him and asked him to work in his garden. The Zamindar visited the garden every now and then and saw Vir working very diligently.

That night, it was the turn of Vasant to be on duty at the treasury. The next morning, he was also asked to work in the garden. When the Zamindar went there to check, he found Vasant having a sound sleep. He did not wake him up.

Evening came and the Zamindar gave the appointment to Vasant. He joined duty immediately. The Zamindar paid some money to Vir and asked him to seek a job elsewhere. The Zamindar's wife was surprised and asked him why he chose Vasant.

- ◆ What would have been the Zamindar's reply?
- ◆ Now, what was his criterion for choosing Vasant?



Write down your answer in not more than 150 words, give a title to your entry, and mail it to us along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

CLOSING DATE : March 31, 2005

Name -----Age-----Date of birth-----

School -----Class-----

Home address-----

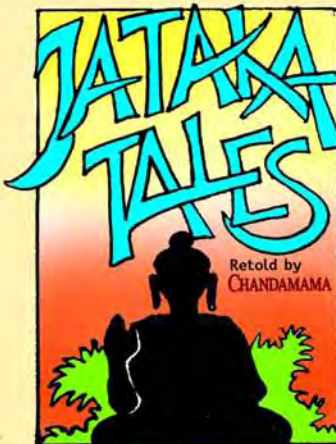
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Parent's signature

Participant's signature

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.



Once upon a time, King Chitrasen ruled over a prosperous city. Being a greedy king, he never thought about the welfare of his subjects.



Greetings, O great king!

One day, a young man came to Chitrasen's court with an exciting offer.



I know of three ungarded wealthy cities. I can help you conquer them.

Wonderful! When should we start?



If you're ready, we can leave in three days.



The king did not want to lose much time over it.



Well! My men will be ready in just two days.



Good. Inform me when your army is ready.



In two days, Chitrasen's army was ready for the campaign.



The next day in the court...

Call the youth.



But nobody knew him.

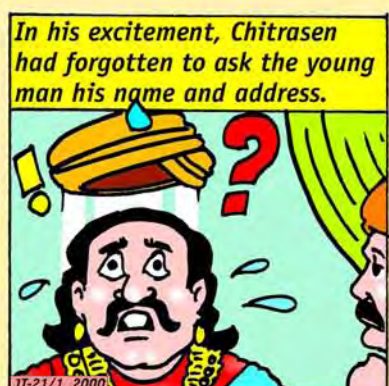
Which young man, my lord?

The one who promised to guide us.



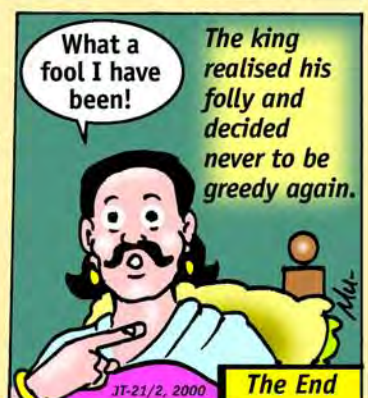
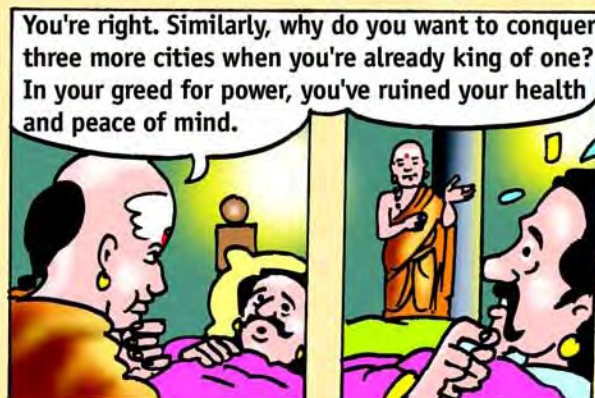
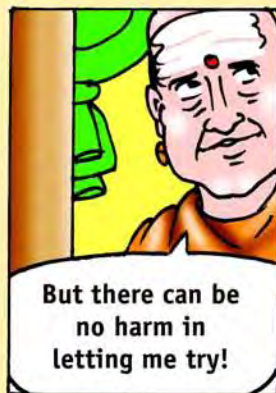
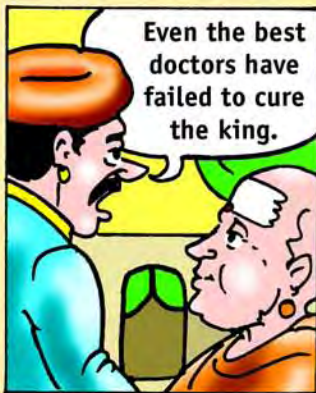
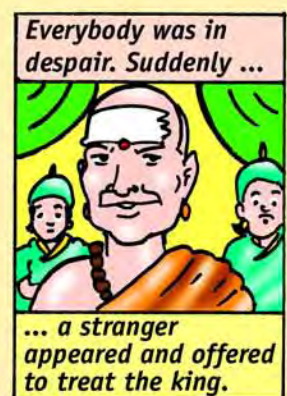
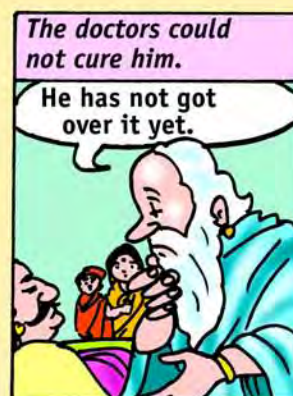
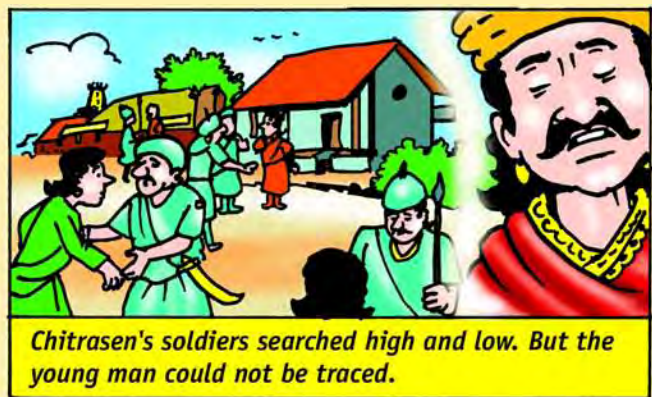
Where does he live, my lord?

And what is his name, your majesty?



In his excitement, Chitrasen had forgotten to ask the young man his name and address.

JT-21/1, 2000





- By Rosscote
Krishna Pillai

MARCH BORN-ROENTGEN

Famous as the discoverer of X-rays, Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen was born at Lennep in Germany on March 27, 1845. After early education in the Netherlands, he went to the Zurich Polytechnic in Switzerland to study mechanical engineering. Under the influence of Prof. Kundt, he developed a deep interest in physics and adopted it for lifelong study. He became the head of the Physics Department in the University of Wurzburg in Germany in 1885.

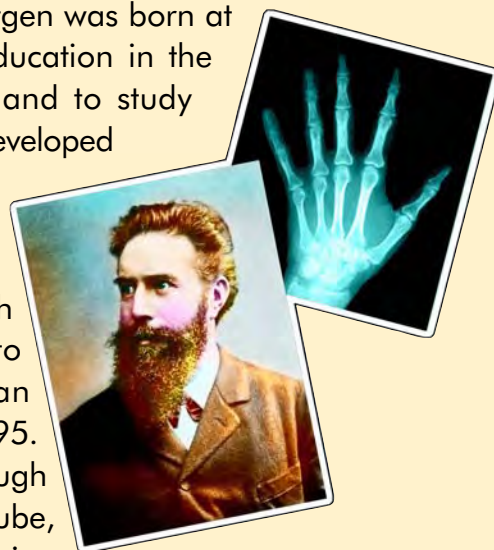
Ten years later, Prof. Roentgen discovered X-rays which brought him everlasting fame, and multifarious benefits to humanity. It was his keen sense of observation during an experiment that led to the chance discovery on November 5, 1895. In the experiment, when an electric discharge was passed through a gas at very low pressure in a highly exhausted vacuum tube, Roentgen found to his great surprise that a card coated with barium platinocyanide, kept by him at some distance from the tube, was aglow. When the tube was switched off, the coated card went dark but when it was switched on, the card once again glowed.

Roentgen realised that he had made a discovery. Since he did not know the exact nature of the rays, he named them X-rays, X being the symbol used for the unknown in mathematics. On December 28, he announced the discovery and reported the different properties of the rays, like their ability to ionize gases and their failure to respond to electric or magnetic field.

Next year Roentgen was awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society; in 1901, he was chosen the first Nobel Laureate in Physics. Roentgen never cared to patent his discovery. He devotedly continued experimental investigations into other important areas of physics. He died a poor man in Munich on February 10, 1923.

X-rays have found a number of applications in medicine (diagnosis and treatment), dentistry, industry, metallurgy and agriculture and they are used as an important tool in scientific research and technology, like the study of the structure of atoms, molecules and crystals. X-ray crystallography has developed as a significant section of physics.

On the 50th anniversary, of the discovery of X-ray, G.E.M. Jauncey, a scientist, wrote in the *American Journal of Physics*: "November 5, 1895 may be taken as the date of a new era in physics." Historians of science often call the period before this date an era of classical physics. To the eternal credit of Roentgen is the acknowledged fact that his discovery heralded the Second Scientific Revolution.



ONE MORE BLACK HOLE

Astronomers have found one more "Black Hole" in our galaxy, the Milky Way, of which the Sun and its planets, including our Earth, form members. It was an astronomer from the Institute of Astrophysics in Paris, Jean-Pierre Maillard, and his team that discovered a cluster of seven stars, obviously orbiting what is recognized to be a black hole. The astronomers estimated that it has a mass 1,300 times that of the Sun. The discovery is reported in the latest issue of *Astronomy and Astrophysics*. The astronomers calculated that the cluster of seven stars is at the centre of the Milky Way galaxy, which revolves round a constellation (a group of stars) named Sagittarius, with its companion, another supermassive black hole called Sagittarius A. This giant black hole, discovered three years earlier, is estimated to be about 2.6 million times more massive than our Sun.



The first black hole was discovered in 1971 with the help of the first X-ray observatory, carrying an X-ray telescope, named "Uhuru" (meaning "freedom" in the African language, Swahili) launched by the USA from an Italian launch platform in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Kenya. Uhuru found an extremely powerful X-ray source in the constellation called Cygnus, or the Swan. The X-ray source was named Cygnus X-1. It was flickering on and off a thousand times per second. The object was calculated to be of very small size, a mere 300 km across, but having a mass about ten times that of the Sun. The X-ray source was found to be the invisible companion of a visible super giant star radiating bright light and was defined as a black hole.

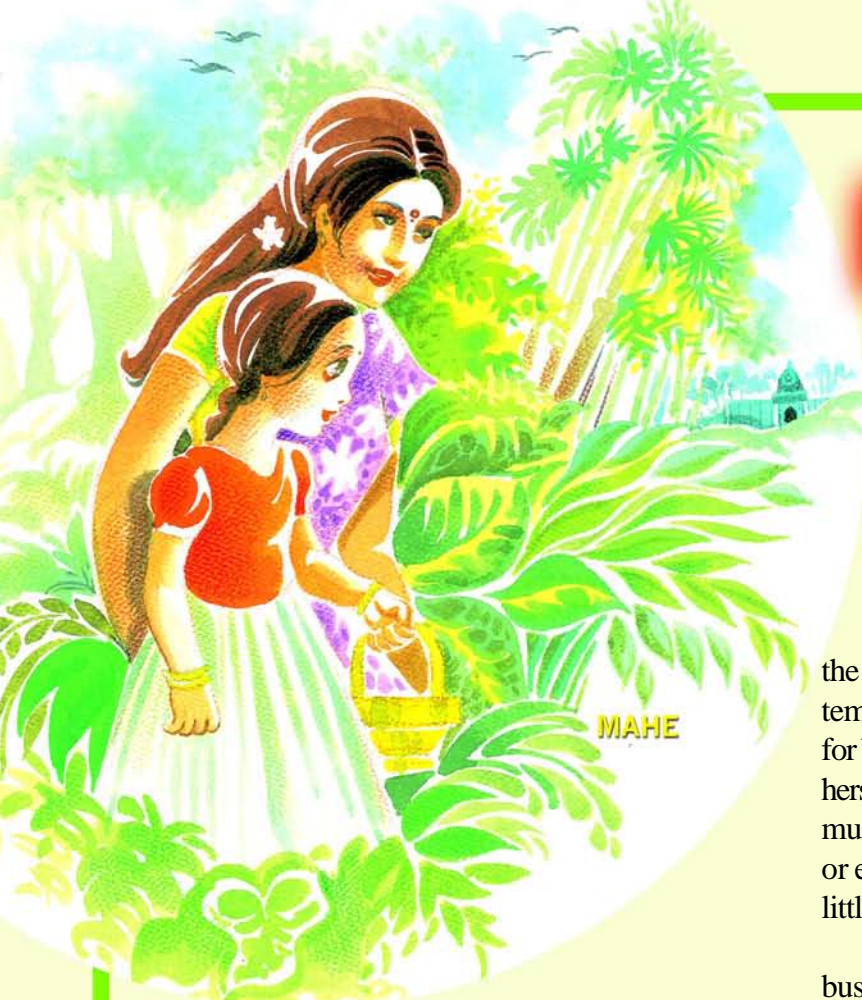
WHO INVENTED 'GAS'?

Nowadays even uneducated persons utter the word "gas" when they physically suffer from this discomfort. But do you know who invented the word for the state of matter now known by that name? It was Jan Baptista van Helmont, a Flemish alchemist and physician (1577-1644), a contemporary of Galileo. He derived the word "gas" phonetically in Flemish from the Greek word "chaos", which originally meant chasm ('chaos' now means in English 'complete absence of order or shape'; 'confusion'). Helmont worked on gases and found air to have two parts, one helping combustion or burning and is also consumed and the other not consumed. But this word "gas" came into universal use after a century and more when the famous French scientist, Lavoisier popularized it in 1789.

SCIENCE QUIZ

1. What is the common food of the blue whale?
a. fish; b. sea weeds c. krill d. clams.
2. Which is the only ape found in India?
a. orangutan; b. chimpanzee; c. gorilla; d. Hoolock gibbon.
3. Which is India's national flower?
a. lotus; b. hibiscus; c. sunflower; d. rose.
4. Which is the oldest metal discovered by man?
a. iron; b. aluminium; c. gold; d. copper.

Answers: 1. c. krill, 2. d. Hoolock gibbon, 3. a. lotus, 4. d. copper.



PILGRIMAGE TO NATURE

Mira was only five years old when she first identified a bird correctly. The bright yellow body and the black streak through its eye. She had heard her father name it several times – a golden oriole. ‘Birds are like us,’ thought Mira, ‘constantly on the move, travelling far and wide.’ Mira’s father was a forest officer and had moved from one forest to another. At ten, Mira had already lived in three forests.

Mira loved the forests. She made friends with the trees, played hide and seek with the squirrels and responded to bird calls with great delight. Her mother would often take her to watch the sunset, and as they watched the sun softly rest in the lap of the horizon, she would sing a farewell to it in the form of a *bhajan*. Mira’s mother was deeply religious. Although the life of a forest officer’s family was difficult, Mira’s mother enjoyed it tremendously. Usually most ancient forests had temples in them and Mira’s mother would spend the early hours of the morning at the temple to welcome each day. At ten, Mira’s life was beautiful.

Except on some occasions. A few times in the year thousands of pilgrims from the cities would descend upon

the forest to offer their annual worship to the deity in the temple, but they behaved more like a hunt party, greedy for blessings! On these occasions, Mira would either lock herself up in the house trying to drown out the loud raucous music played by the pilgrims in their overcrowded vans, or escape to the highest point of the mountain. ‘How little they know about the forest?’ she would think.

People would come speeding in jeeps, vans and buses, honking impatiently, only to end up waiting in a long queue outside the temple. A number of small kiosks sprang up to ‘serve’ the pilgrims and their needs. She had heard her father say that in some forests more than a hundred trees were cut to make parking space for the pilgrims. And often many more were cut to construct buildings that would provide accommodation. Here, too, people had begun to ask for wider roads. Mira thought about what people did in the days when there were no vehicles – people would walk long distances taking the time to enjoy the beauty of the forest life.

Mira also wondered about the offerings that people made to the Gods: flowers, coconuts, sweets and gifts of all kinds. Mother had told her that the only thing the Lord really wanted was your love. And this meant love for all his creations. But the pilgrims believed that He liked their offerings. Then, because they had to stand in line for so long, and felt tired and couldn’t hold on to all these gifts, the pilgrims wanted plastic bags, and drinks to quench their thirst. While the flowers and coconuts were respectfully placed in the temple – the plastic bags and styrofoam cups were just thrown in the forest. Just last week, Mira had watched a hungry young fawn choke on

During festivals, about 50,000 persons visit the Rangaswamy temple in the Biligiri Wildlife Sanctuary in Karnataka. Two lakh persons visit the Kanheri caves and Gomukh temple within the Sanjay Gandhi National Park in Maharashtra. And, 10 to 20 million visit the Ayyappa shrine at Sabarimalai inside the Periyar Tiger Reserve in Kerala. If you must undertake a pilgrimage to any ecologically valuable habitat like a forest, you could park your car outside the forest and walk the remaining way to the temple, buy your offerings in the city – this way there will not be any need for shops in the forests, and avoid carrying any plastic bags into the forest.

a plastic bag and die. ‘Don’t they have any idea of the mess they are making?’ Mira thought.

Last year, there was a huge forest fire during the festive season. Somebody had wanted to offer incense to the deity and threw a burning match in the forest. The dry leaves on the forest floor immediately caught fire and in seconds the flames reached the tallest trees. Everyone had made a big fuss about the dangers to the pilgrims in the forest but why didn’t anyone speak of the dangers to the forest from the pilgrims? Her heart sank as she watched a young boy throw stones at a chameleon which struggled hard to get away as it can only move slowly. Mira couldn’t watch anymore.

On one such festival night, Mira had a dream. In her dream she was walking in the forest, which was illumined by a beautiful deep glow. Mira heard a voice but it seemed to be coming from inside her. She knew it was the voice of the light.

It said, “Mira, my dear, I’m the deity of the forest, the one they worship in the temple. I live in the earth of this sacred mountain, in the trees and in all these beings. You have seen me in the play of the sunlight as it filters through the canopy of the trees, and heard my voice in the melodious songs of the birds you love so much. I’m the sense of peace you feel when you sit by the stream. When human beings first came to the mountain, they could see me, too. They adored the harmony of this beautiful forest and in gratitude for all that the forest gave them, they built a temple for me. Now they have forgotten that I actually exist in the very forest that they are destroying. Won’t you help them remember me?”

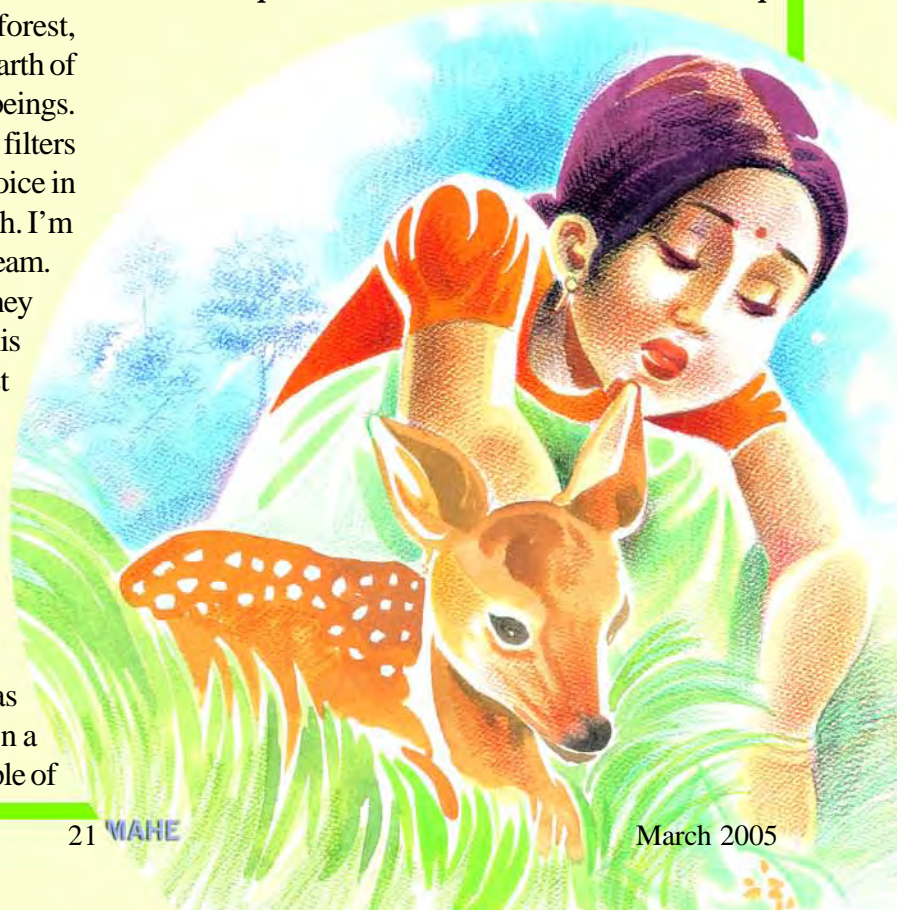
The next morning Mira awoke with determination in her mind. She had to remind the pilgrims that the *darshan* they were seeking was actually given to them by the forest. But how was she going to do this, she wondered. Suddenly, in a flash she knew. She would invite them to the temple of

Nature. This temple had no walls but a thousand pillars – the trees. It had no roof but the Lord poured down his love in the form of sunlight and rain. The squirrels and birds were the *pujaris* and the birds sang the *arati*! And wonder of wonders, the deity was everywhere! All that the people had to do was to sit quietly, close their eyes and in the peace and joy that they felt, find the light of the Lord shining within! The only gift they needed to offer him was their attention and their remembrance! Mira ran to the forest to tell her friends of her idea and danced in delight all day at the mission she had set for herself!!

Would you like to visit Mira’s temple? The next time you go to a forest, find a quiet place and think of her. Sit quietly and watch the colours and listen to the sounds. Close your eyes and wait and watch... Do you see him – the Lord of Life – in the peace that you find within?

– **Manisha Sheth-Gutman**

Kalpavriksh Environmental Action Group



GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

One day Bhudevi, the spirit of the Earth, met Indra and told him how harassed she felt because of a number of evil elements dominating the earth. Those elements were Jarasandha, Sishupala, Kamsa, Rukmi, Naraka, Salva, Keshi, Dhenuka, and Vatasaka among others.

Bhudevi recollected how she had been troubled by Hiranyaksha when Vishnu, descending as the Varaha, had come to her rescue.

“Bhudevi, I’ve hardly any power to help you,” said Indra. “Let’s go to Brahma. He might be able to do something.”

They met Brahma. “O Lord, it is time for the Era of Darkness, Kaliyuga, to begin. That is why the rulers have forgotten their compassion and duty. They are possessed by the demons,” said Bhudevi.

“Bhudevi, if anyone can help in eradicating this evil, it is only Vishnu. Let’s go to him,” said Brahma.

Bhudevi and Indra followed Brahma.

Brahma narrated the plight of Bhudevi to Lord Vishnu. He reminded Vishnu that it would be proper for him to take birth on the earth once again.

“It’s necessary to have the sanction of Yogamaya if I am to incarnate on the earth. To incarnate in a human

form is not a happy experience for me. You know well how much I had to suffer as Rama. Pray to the Divine Mother. If she were to consent, I shall take birth on the earth and destroy those evil elements,” agreed Vishnu.

The gods, as advised by Vishnu, prayed to the Divine Mother: “The earth is tormented by many a wicked being, including Kamsa. The spirit of the earth, Bhudevi, is feeling much harassed. In the past you have vanquished such evil powers before whom even Vishnu and Siva had felt shy. O Mother, be kind to the earth and lighten its burden.”

Indra, the king of gods, pleaded: “O Mother, hardly anything can be achieved without your support. You’ve protected us through the ages. Be compassionate and respond to our prayers once again.”

“O Supreme Goddess, you are the source of strength even for Brahma, Siva, and myself. We have never dared to undertake any great task without your blessings,” added Vishnu.

“What do you wish me to do?” asked the Divine Mother, her voice vibrant with



15. GODS SEEK DIVINE MOTHER'S HELP

compassion. “Mother! The institution of kingship has been degraded. Once upon a time the kings were examples of nobility, courage, and sacrifice. Now they do not hesitate to indulge in all sorts of sin. Please save the earth from their tyranny,” said the gods.

The Goddess kept quiet for a moment.

The gods said again: “Mother, we can never forget how once you subdued the terrible Mahishasura. Moreover, you killed Shumbha and Nishumbha, the scourge of the earth. The list of formidable evil elements liquidated by you does not end with them. It includes Chanda, Munda, Dhumralochana, Durmukha, Duhsaha,

find expression through Krishna and Balarama who will punish the wicked.”

The Goddess became invisible and the gods dispersed.

King Surasen of Madhura had a son who was none other than Kasyapa. He was named Vasudeva. Aditi was born as Devaki and she married Vasudeva. As Vasudeva was not interested in ruling the kingdom, Ugrasen, a remote descendant of Madhu, functioned as the ruler. Kamsa was his son and Devaki was his niece. Kamsa usurped the throne from his father. Just when Devaki’s marriage with Vasudeva was being performed, a celestial



Karala and many others. Who but you can come to Bhudevi’s rescue?”

A splendid smile now flashed on the lips of the Divine Mother. She said: “I had already decided to incarnate on the earth in order to rid it of the tyrants. I advise you gods to go and take birth as human beings. Let Kasyapa be born in the Yadava clan as Vasudeva. Vishnu, in fulfilment of a curse thrown on him by Bhrigu, will take birth as a son of Vasudeva. I shall be there as the daughter of Nanda and Yasoda and take hold of the situation from behind the scene. A prison shall be the birthplace of Vishnu. He shall be carried to Gokul. My power shall

voice said: “O Kamsa, your doom will be brought about by the eighth child of Devaki!”

Kamsa felt much disturbed. He thought of killing Devaki in order to forestall the prophecy. But how to kill one’s own sister? What would all the people say? Won’t they take him for a coward?

Even then the barbaric prince caught hold of Devaki by the hair and unsheathed his sword. Vasudeva held Kamsa and checked him from beheading Devaki.

The Yadavas, greatly agitated, stood up and said in one voice: “Don’t dare you hurt Devaki! If you do, we shall not sit quiet!”

(To continue)

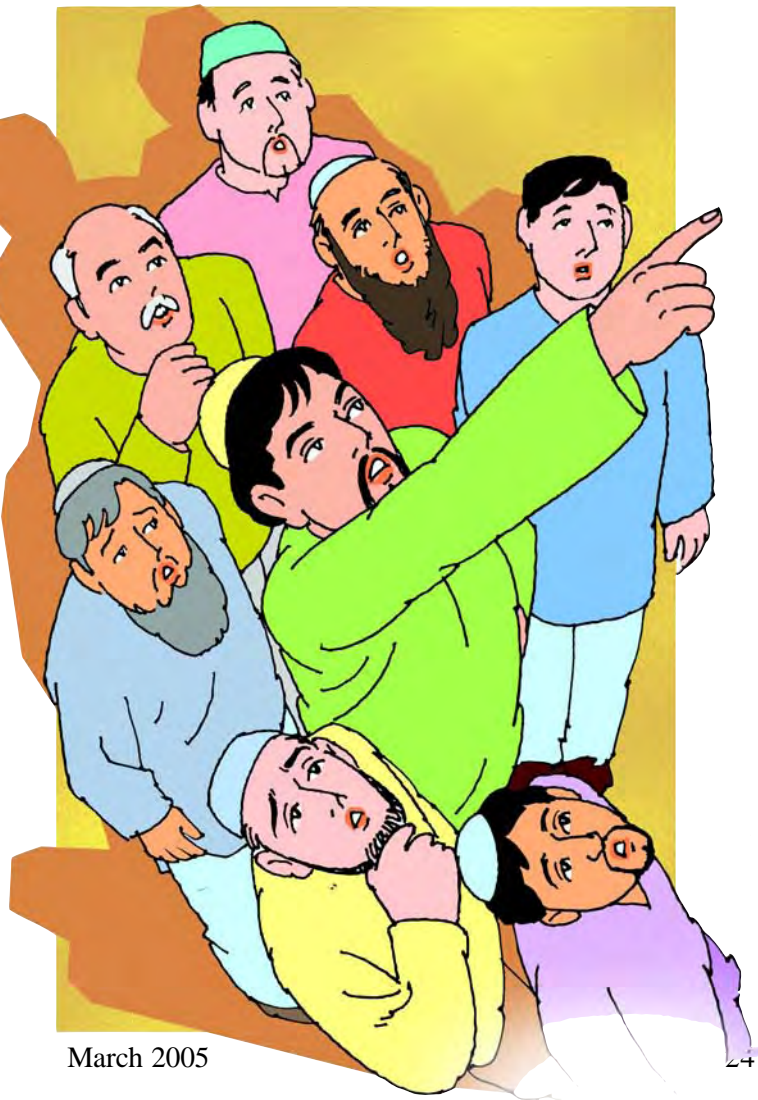
On Laughing at Oneself



Azarullah and Nasruddin were friends. One day, the two were walking along a path that led to the Caravan Sarai, located on a mount, close to the desert. Here they had a date with a few friends who had just arrived after a fortnight-long journey across the sandy desert. While the two walked, they talked, too. They talked about many things. Nasruddin recalled his recent encounter with 'ghosts' at the cemetery.

"You always know what to do in a crisis. How I wish I, too, could be equally successful. Pray, tell me, what is the secret of your success?" Azarullah asked.

"I've abiding curiosity," Nasruddin was brief.



"Show me one man who is not curious," said Azarullah. He felt that Nasruddin was evading an answer and pouted his lips.

"I'm not only curious, but I also love to laugh at others and, when the time comes, to laugh at myself," Nasruddin replied. "Silly!" Azarullah hissed.

"You won't think so if I tell you what happened, a few days back, when I exploited the curiosity of a large number of people, fooled them and had a hearty laugh at them," he took a brief pause before resuming the narration.

"On that day, I stood at the fringe of the vast open ground close to the market and looked toward the East, pointing my finger in that direction. A few men walked across and asked me what I saw in the sky. I held my finger stretched out toward the East. I told them to look out in the direction at which my finger was pointed and they would see for themselves. They mumbled that they saw nothing. I ticked them off, saying they must have really bad eyesight not to see what I could see so clearly in the eastern sky. That reply made them more attentive. Within a short time, a number of people stood around me. Everyone was looking eastward, trying to track down something that wasn't there! I knew it was the right time to give the slip to the crowd. I quietly moved away. None noticed me.

"I roamed around the market for about half an hour and returned to the site. The crowd had swelled. I was amused to note that the people were looking intently, at the sky, each one asking his neighbour what it was that he saw. But none knew the answer. As I told you, there was nothing there. Not even a stray cloud, what to talk of a shooting star. I walked off, laughing at the folly of man. I had gathered a crowd by just holding my finger out toward the East for a few minutes. Man's native curiosity turned out to be a crowd puller. Yet I felt like crying at the ignorance of man!" Nasruddin's voice dropped to a whisper.

“You’re a clever rogue,” Azarullah rocked with laughter.

“Know what happens to a stupid rogue? He easily lands himself in . . .” Nasruddin didn’t complete the sentence and dropped the word, TROUBLE. His eyes fell on the tents pitched across the open area beyond which lay the desert. A mild wind brushed over the tents’ covers. The clothes billowed like waves on the high sea. Men scurried around, trying to settle down before dusk fell.

“Here we are. Let us locate our friends.” Nasruddin moved closer to the camp. Azarullah kept pace with him.

“That crowd rouses my curiosity,” Nasruddin observed and quickened his pace.

“You might be fooled.” Azarullah virtually had to run to keep abreast of Nasruddin.

As soon as they reached the outer rim of the crowd, Nasruddin shoved with his elbows and made a path for himself to the inner ring of the crowd. He was eager to find out who or what had drawn the crowd. He noticed a man standing at the centre of the ring, holding a small round box, sealed, with a glass top. Inside lay a needle mounted on an axis, firmly fixed to the base of the box. The needle quivered every time the man turned the box around.

“Giazuddin? What a pleasant surprise. I never expected you here,” Mulla Nasruddin beamed a big smile when he realized that this man was one of the friends he had come to meet.

“The wise man always expects the unexpected to happen,” Giazuddin joked.

“Are you hinting that I am a fool?” Nasruddin’s eyes had sparks.

“I know you are wise. But there is a fool in even the wisest of men. Now take a close look at this box. See if you can explain the strange behaviour of the needle in this box.” Giazuddin handed over the box to Nasruddin.

Nasruddin turned it round in all directions. He rotated it at all angles. The needle’s head managed to move and find its direction. Its head pointed due North. That was fantastic! Nasruddin ran his fingers through his beard while he tried to solve the mystery and failed.



“Where did you find the box?” Nasruddin asked Giazuddin, hoping to get a clue to solve the mystery.

“I was crossing the desert, swinging with the gait of the camel, when a dazzling light blinded me for a second. I ducked, shifted the angle of my view, searched for the source of the light and found something glistening in the sand. I got off my mount, walked across and I found this box. I picked it up and the needle quivered. I turned the box around, but the needle’s head always managed to swing till it pointed North,” Giazuddin explained.

“I think this box belongs to the Devil,” someone in the crowd made a wild guess.

“Have you seen the Devil, ever?” Nasruddin gave him a stern stare.

“Never. Nor am I keen to see him.”

“But you believe in evil spirits and in ghosts, don’t you?” Nasruddin grilled him.

“The whole world accepts that there are supernatural spirits,” the man thought he had given a very clever answer.

“Not the whole world. Not I, for example. Not Giazuddin, for another,” Nasruddin silenced the man.

Then he examined the box again. Whatever the angle

to which he turned the box, the needle always turned around to point North. Nasruddin felt totally baffled. Try as he did, he could not understand what made the needle always turn its head toward the North.

He looked at the swelling crowd. By now, everyone knew who he was. They were confident that the wise old Mullah Nasruddin would solve the mystery and then share the secret with them. They waited while he moved the box, right and left, held at all possible angles, his eyebrows knitted, his forehead sporting frowns.

Then he burst into tears, wailed loudly. His body quaked; his eyes held coats of tears. The crowd got a shock. What made him cry? They didn't know.

They were still trying to find out what made him cry when they got another shock. Suddenly he stopped crying and began laughing. Laughing loudly. Laughing as if some invisible force was tickling him. Laughing while he danced around, holding the box, ceaselessly turning it around and watching the frantic struggle the needle made to keep its head pointing toward the North.

"Why did you cry?" a few people asked.

"And why are you laughing?" a few others wanted to know. Nasruddin seemed to have turned deaf. He broke into sobs, once again. However, the sobs gave way to laughter within a minute or two. Nasruddin laughed and cried. And he laughed and cried alternately. The crowd began to worry. Had Nasruddin gone mad? Had the evil force in the box made the wise man lose his head?

Azarullah and Giazuddin seized Nasruddin firmly.

"Stop crying!" shouted Azarullah.

"Stop laughing!" screamed Giazuddin.

"But I can't," Nasruddin expressed his helplessness and broke into cries.

"Why do you cry?" Azarullah.

"I'm crying at the ignorance of man. I cry because nobody knows why the needle in the box behaves so strangely. Oh! If only the people were wiser!" Nasruddin took time to stop whimpering.

Then he broke into laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" Giazuddin posed the question.

"Can't you guess?" Nasruddin laughed still more, facing the crowd.

"No," the people replied in a chorus.

"You don't know what this box is? And why the needle always points North?"

"No."

"That is what makes me laugh."

"You are laughing at us?"

"No. I cried for you. I felt sad at your ignorance. But I'm laughing at *my* ignorance," Nasruddin smiled, wanly.

"At *your* ignorance?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you, Azarullah, when you asked me the secret of my success, that I can laugh at myself?"

"You did."

"I'm laughing at myself. For, I also don't know what this box is and what makes the needle in the box behave in such a strange manner."

- By R.K.Murthi



THE FORGOTTEN SCHOOL BAG

When I was in Class 2, I used to go by the school bus. One morning, I got ready and went out and waited for the school bus. Soon it arrived, and I got into it. My friend and I started talking about a cricket match between India and Sri Lanka played on the previous day. Soon, the bus reached the school. I was so engrossed in talking that I completely forgot about my bag. We all got down and the bus went away for the second trip.



Suddenly, I noticed that all my other friends were carrying their school bags, but I was not. My friends started laughing. I felt very embarrassed. I had to wait till the bus came back after the second trip. I got in and saw that my bag was at the same place where I had left it. The bus driver pulled me up for my carelessness. I learnt a lesson that day not to be so forgetful in future.

G.S. Anush (11), Sohar

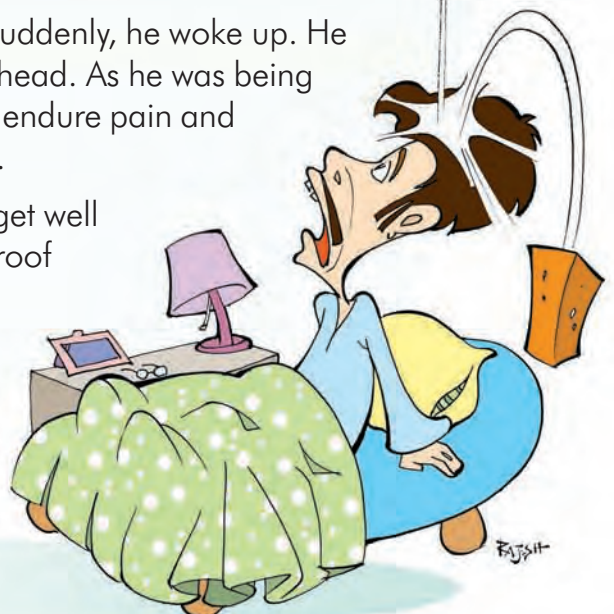
GOD KNOWS BEST

Our story begins with a man fast asleep in his house. Suddenly, he woke up. He was in great pain. A brick from the roof had fallen on his head. As he was being taken away to hospital, he wondered why he was fated to endure pain and had to face the prospect of spending heavily on treatment.

That very night, as he lay in hospital hoping he would get well soon and be sleeping in his own bed at home, the whole roof of his house collapsed. Had the man been in bed at home, he might have been killed!

That is why some people are happy with whatever little they have, while some others are unhappy no matter what they have.

Ajinkya Karande (12), Binaguri





MY DOLL

I have a doll
That I bought from a mall.
She is tall
And can crawl.
She glows in the dark
She shines in the light.
She has curly locks
She has rosy lips.
She wears a red and white gown
Which is bright till dawn.
She has a broad smile
That makes us go a mile.
I love my Glory, Glory loves me
Don't you want to love Glory?

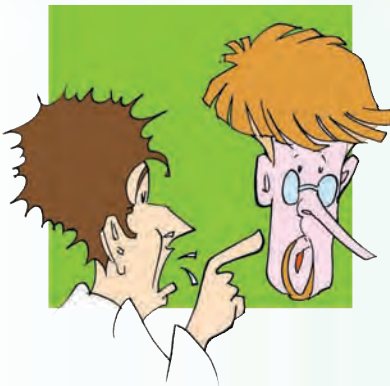
Bhavana Baglodi (8), Sharjah

FUN IN WATER

What fun it is to
Watch the seas.
Big waves and small waves,
Running up the shore!
What fun it is to
Watch the small waves
Knocking down the
Sand castles!
What fun it is to
Watch the boats
Rolling in the
Big waves!
What fun it is to
Play in water, water, water!

*Reshma Susan Mathew (7)
Thane*





An Englishman and an Indian were once travelling in the same compartment. The Indian was not well-versed in English. When the Englishman saw him leaning out of the window, he

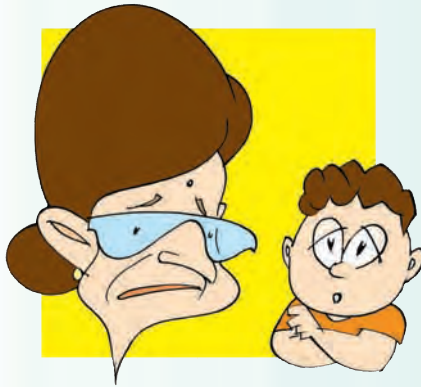
cautioned him, "Look out!" The Indian stretched his head further and just escaped being hit by a lamp post. He stared at the Englishman and blurted out, "You should have said 'look in'. You don't seem to know English."

Sunil Sharma (11), Bellary

Teacher :

What will happen if there is a third World War?

Vinay : There would be a new lesson in history.



S. Akaash (11), Trissur



Teacher :

Cindy, why are you doing your multiplication on the floor?

Cindy : Didn't you say, we should not use tables?

Ray Kalyan, Kurla

Police : Did you see a thief with one eye and a black moustache?

Manohar: Yes, I did.

Police : Could you remember? Where did you see him?

Manohar: I can remember well; I saw his picture in newspapers.



Prashant S. Pai (13), Bantwal

Shopkeeper :

Keep the packet safe, and don't roam here and there. Go home straight.

Boy : I'm sorry, I can't.

Shopkeeper : Why?



Boy : To go home I'll have to go straight and then turn left.

Madhuvratha V.J. (10), Mumbai

Teacher : Why didn't you write your homework?

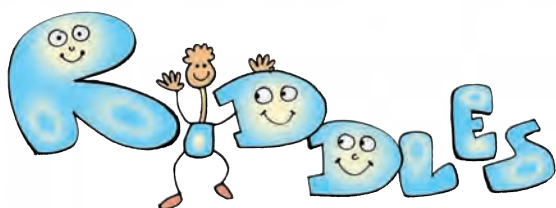
Student : My father was away from town.

Teacher : So what?

Student : It's my father who writes the homework every day.



K. Kiran (12), Jaggayyapet



1. When does Friday come before Tuesday?
2. Which runs faster—heat or cold?
3. What kind of profits do fishermen make?



S. Akaash, Kolazhy

4. Which side of the cup will you hold when you drink tea?

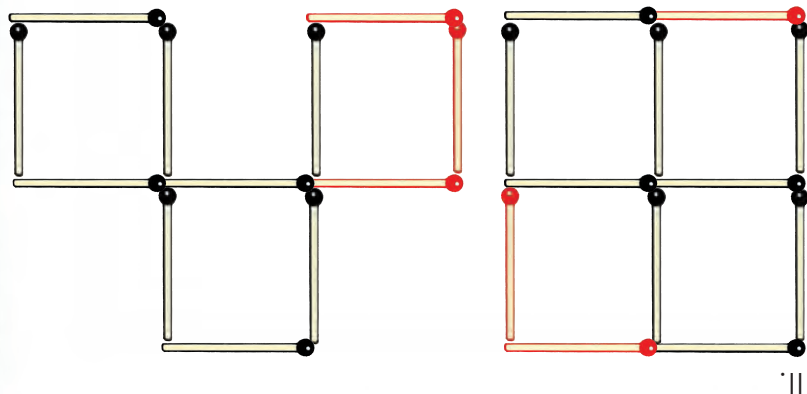


5. What have you in the middle?

6. Which sin can save your life?

7. An old lady with hairs of snow, what is her name?

Vismitha Kathyayani (11), Bangalore



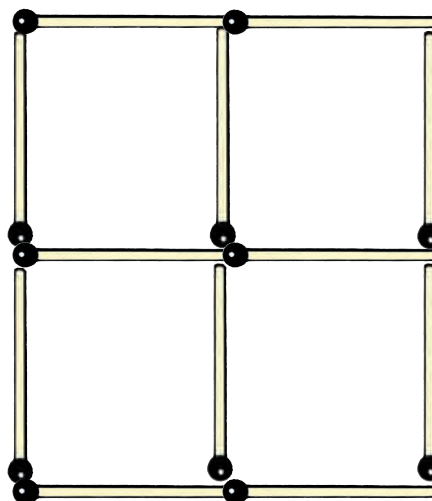
PUZZLES

- I. $45 - 45 = 45$. How is this possible?

**Shivangi Shinari (12)
Mumbai**



- II. 12 matchsticks are arranged in 4 squares.



Now move only 3 matchsticks to get 3 squares.

**C.P. Amelia (13),
Chennai**

I. $45 = 9 + 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1$
or 987654321
 $45 = 8 + 6 + 4 + 1 + 9 + 7 + 5 + 3 + 2$
or 864197532
Now subtract 123456789 from 987654321
The product is 864197532 (as above).
So $45 - 45 = 45$

Puzzles :

1. In the dictionary
2. Heat—because you can catch cold
3. Net profits
4. Outside
5. Letter 'O'
6. Medi-sin
7. Mountain

Riddles :

Answer :

THE ADVENTURES OF **G-man**



**MIND
RAIDER**
PART 2



BROUGHT TO YOU BY



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Story so far: Neuraal is stealing the thoughts of children to keep Terrolene young. And he is now using these zombie kids to attack G-man. Will G-man rescue the kids? Or hurt them? Read on . . .



G-man leaves Neuraal's hideout, defeated. . .for the moment.





There must be a way past Neuraal's zombie kiddie army.



All is lost. G-man is running away.

He finds a quite place to plan the next attack.



Have to think. Think! Think! Think!



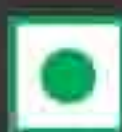
That's it - Think!

Have to fight Neuraal up here in the head.

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Neuraal . . .

I know
you are in here
somewhere.

G-man focuses his mind and enters the
Mindscape. Where all thoughts converge.
The collective consciousness some call it.



Neuraal
enough of these
mind games. Let
the kids go.

G-man
you are full
of surprises.

But here, Neuraal is king.

POWER SUPPLY FOR

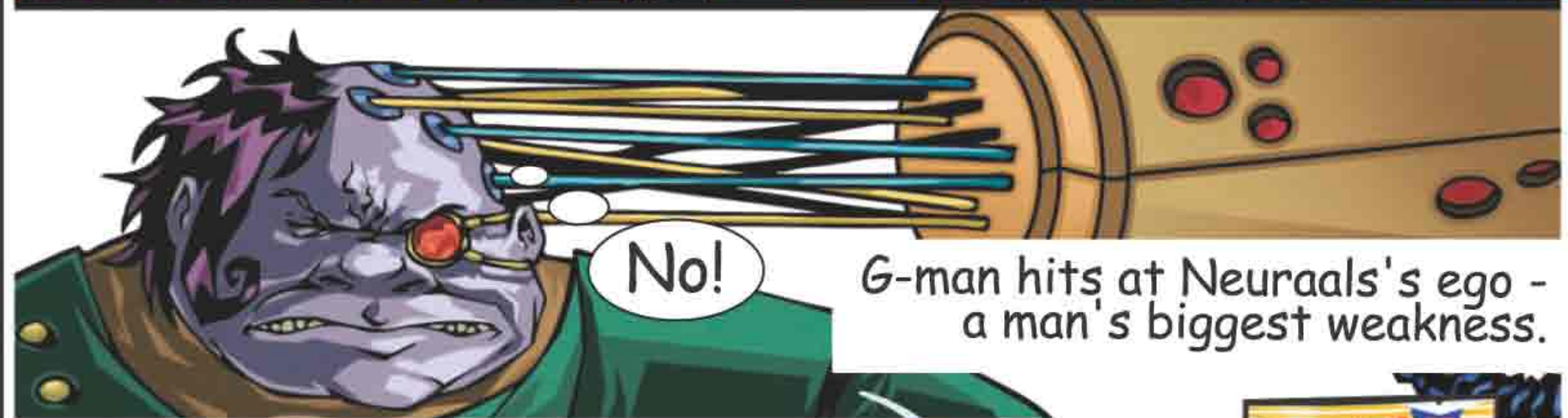
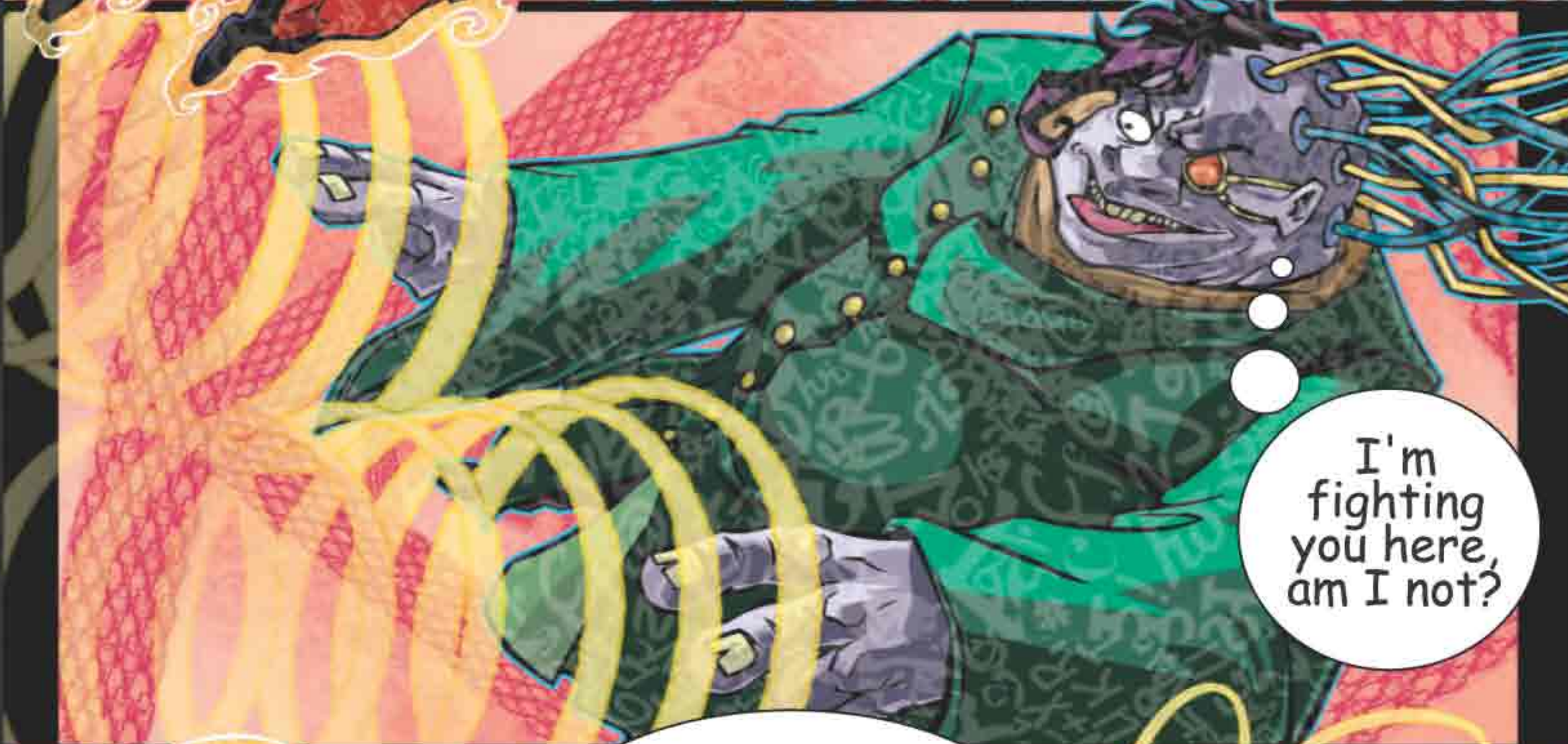


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Neuraal enters G-man's mind and finds a weapon - guilt. Major Suryaraj watched his closest friends die in an ambush, unable to do anything*.



* Ed Note: Refer to origin of G-Man.



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He is using you to gain immortality.

And you're letting him use you, because you are weak. . .

COWARD!

Lies. I will not let you mess with my head.

G-man seems to be gaining the upper hand. Neuraal is cracking.



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G-man pushes his advantage.

Shame on you! He's now your master. You have no pride left.

You are just a.. **PUPPET.**

Un..nhh!

Finally Neuraal cracks.

NO!

Oh No!
My machine.

KRAASH

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G-man has freed the minds of the children by destroying Neuraal's grasp on the machine..



Defeated and badly shaken, Neuraal makes a hasty retreat.



And the children reunite with their parents.



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Somewhere on Planet Bryzyg, in a galaxy 8 billion light years away . . .



The End

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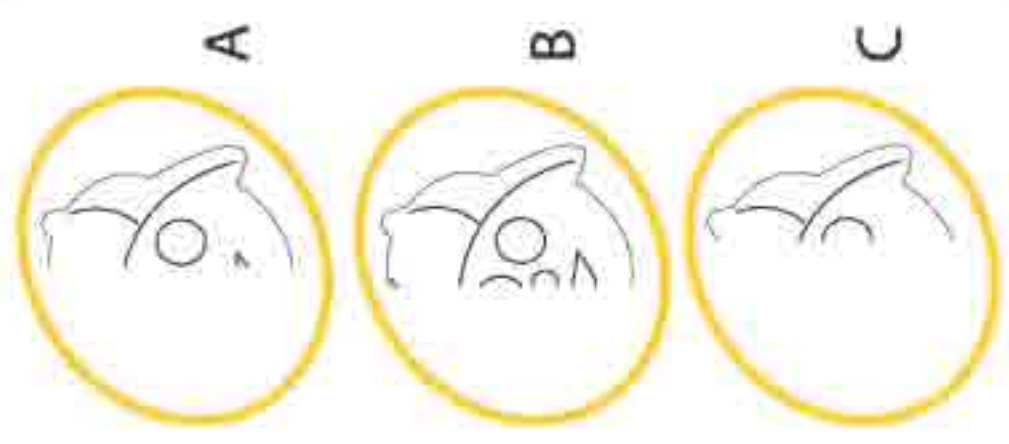
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Fun Center

cream Biscuits

Which of the 3 drawings completes the picture?

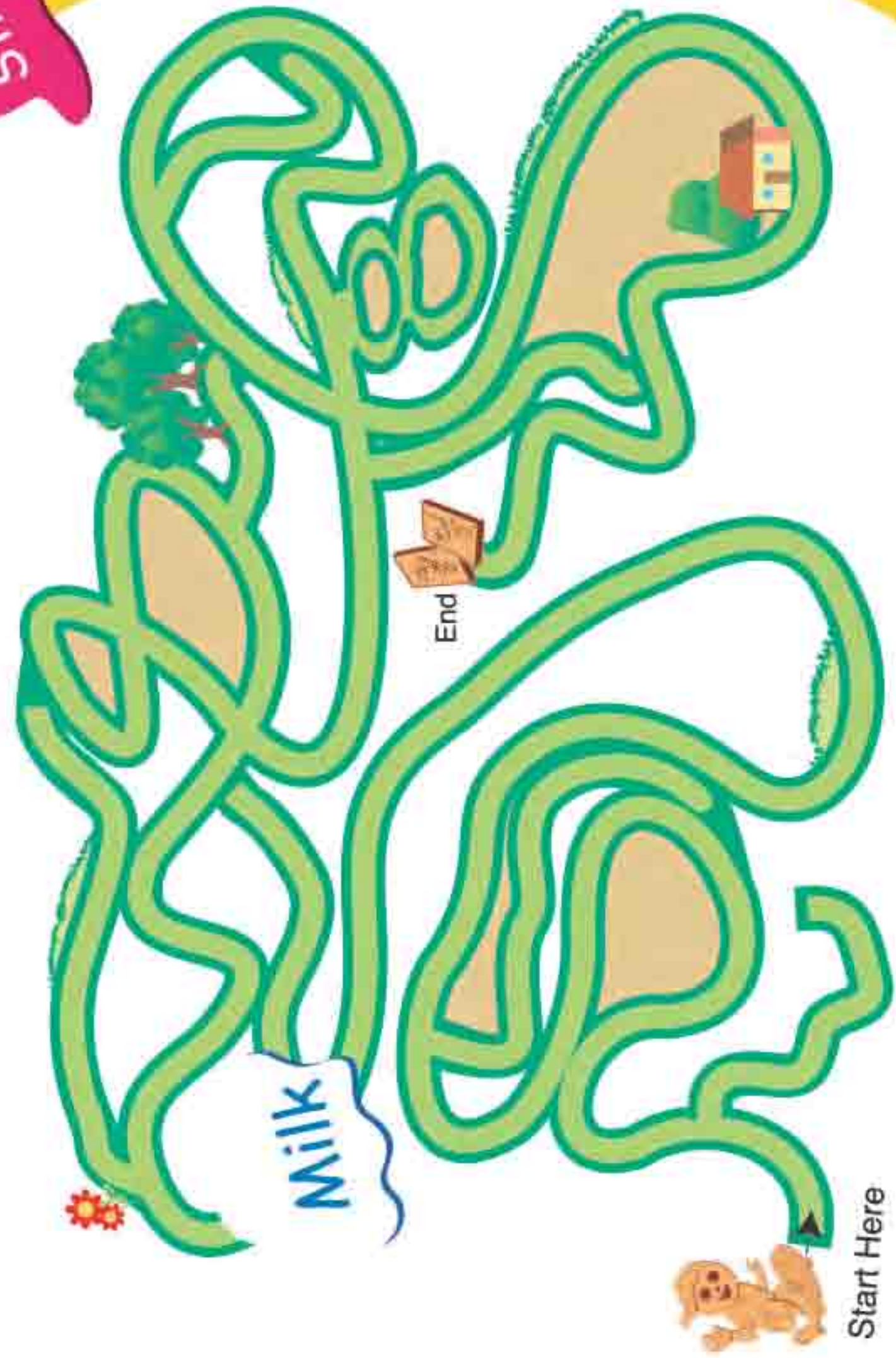


Answer : A

Butterscotch

Bourbon

Help the sporty character reach the Fun Center.



Strawberry

How many flavours are hidden inside the biscuit?



Asli Mazaa Beecho Beech

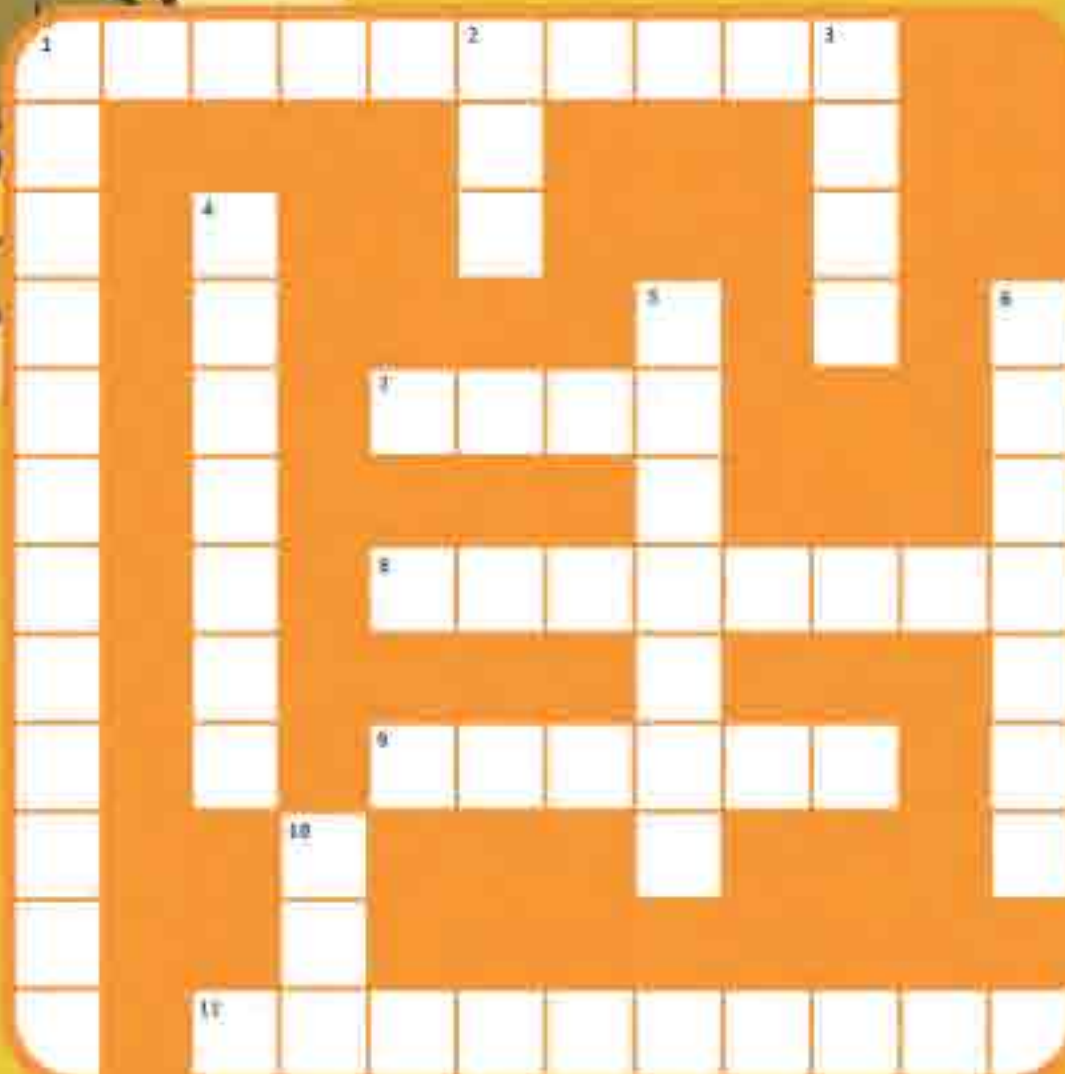
*MRP inclusive of all taxes for net weight 100g.

PARLE

FunCenter™



CROSSWORD



cream Biscuits

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Michael Jordan's game
7. Cat's love it
8. Also called soccer
9. Andre Agassi's first love
10. Mahabaleshwar's fruit

DOWN

1. This ice cream flavour melts in your mouth
2. Have biscuits with this
3. It takes two hands to ____ the cream
4. Chocolate with sugar crumbs
5. Good on the road, great on ice
6. Aamir Khan won this race
10. Munch

Hint: All that's to do with Fun Center

Enhance your vocab

Words that should appear in the dictionary but don't

Aeroma: The odour emanating from an exercise room after an aerobics workout.

FunCenter: Anything yummy that gets even better when you reach the middle.

Choctasy: The joy of discovering a second layer of chocolate underneath the first.

Keyfruit: The one apple, pear or orange in the stand that, when removed, causes all others to tumble forward.

Phonesia: The affliction of dialing a phone number and forgetting whom you were calling just as they answer.

P-Spot: The area directly above the urinal in public washrooms that men stare at knowing a glance in any other direction would arouse suspicion.

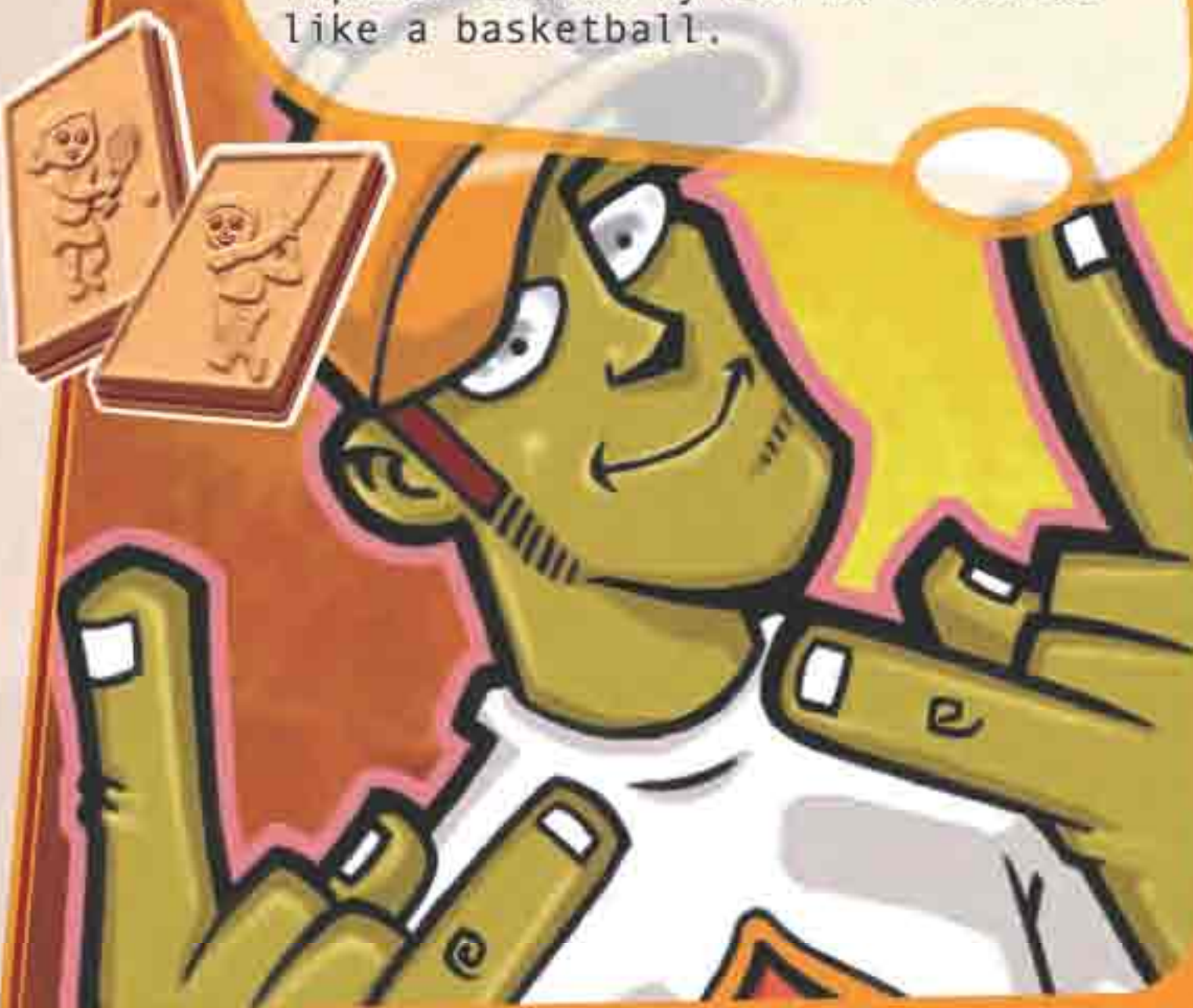
Interesting Facts

The world's highest cricket ground is in Chail, Himachal Pradesh.

The flea can jump 350 times its body length. It's like a human jumping the length of a football field.

Tennis was played at the Olympics until 1924, then reinstituted in 1988.

Cranberries are sorted for ripeness by bouncing them; a fully ripened cranberry can be dribbled like a basketball.



Bourbon

Butterscotch

Milk

Strawberry



The news of a golden idol unearthed in Jainagar reaches Vir Singh, the usurper to the Shantipur throne. He sends General Jabar Singh to claim it from Sukhdev. The chieftain does not wish to spill blood, so he allows the idol to be taken away. However, it is mysteriously whisked away while being placed in a boat. Vir Singh later comes to know that it is to be installed in a newly constructed temple. The chieftain's daughter, Sukanya, accepts Vir Singh's proposal.

ARYA

The Mystery of the Unknown Prince

22



Art:
Gandhi Ayya

Sukhdev is apprehensive about Sukanya's decision.

Yes, father, if that'll save the idol, ensure the safety of the temple, I don't mind this sacrifice...

My daughter! Have you given it a good thought?

Well said, O princess, I shall see that you live like a queen.



Let my daughter complete her worship.

I shall go back to the palace to properly receive her. My General will remain here.



Vir Singh mounts his horse and is seen giving orders to Jabar Singh.

I shall send an elephant. You must escort the princess.

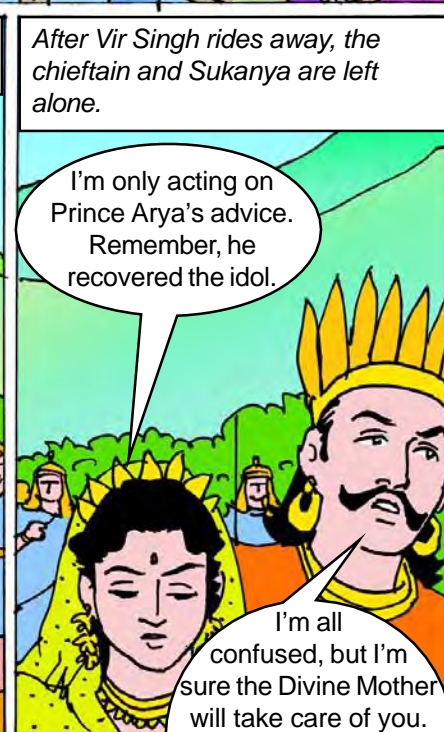
Yes, sir.



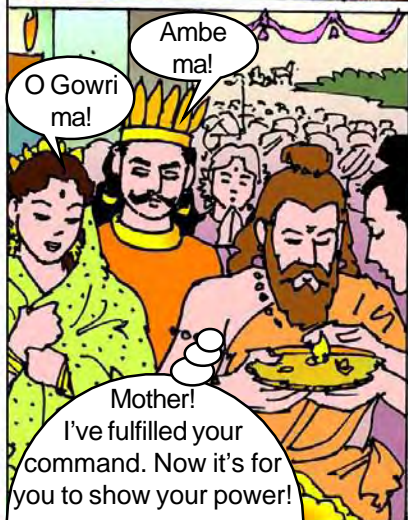
After Vir Singh rides away, the chieftain and Sukanya are left alone.

I'm only acting on Prince Arya's advice. Remember, he recovered the idol.

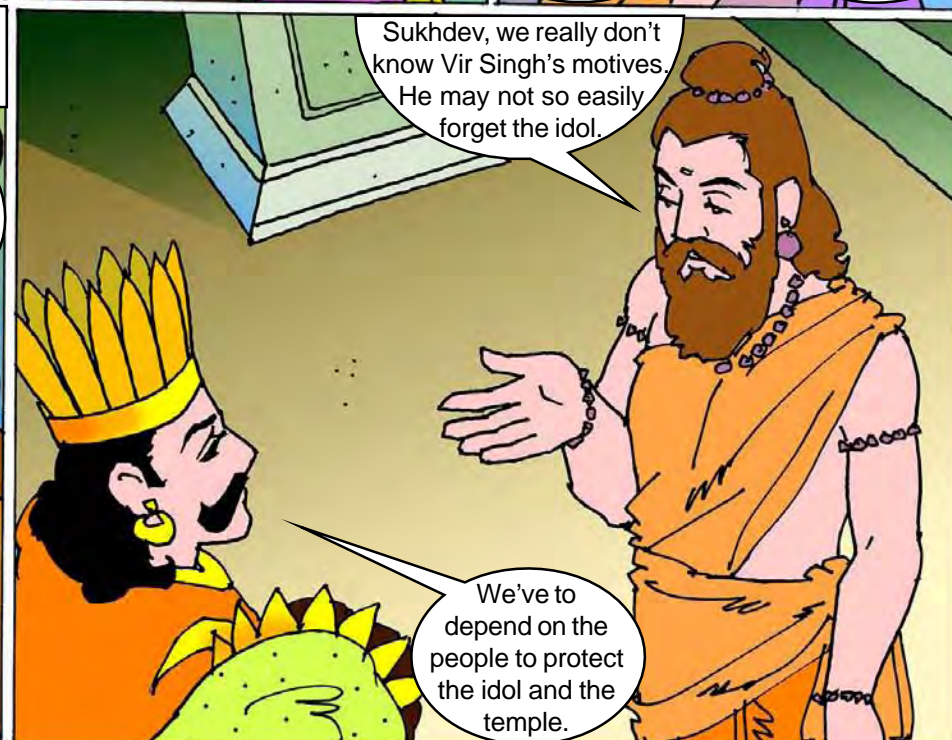
I'm all confused, but I'm sure the Divine Mother will take care of you.

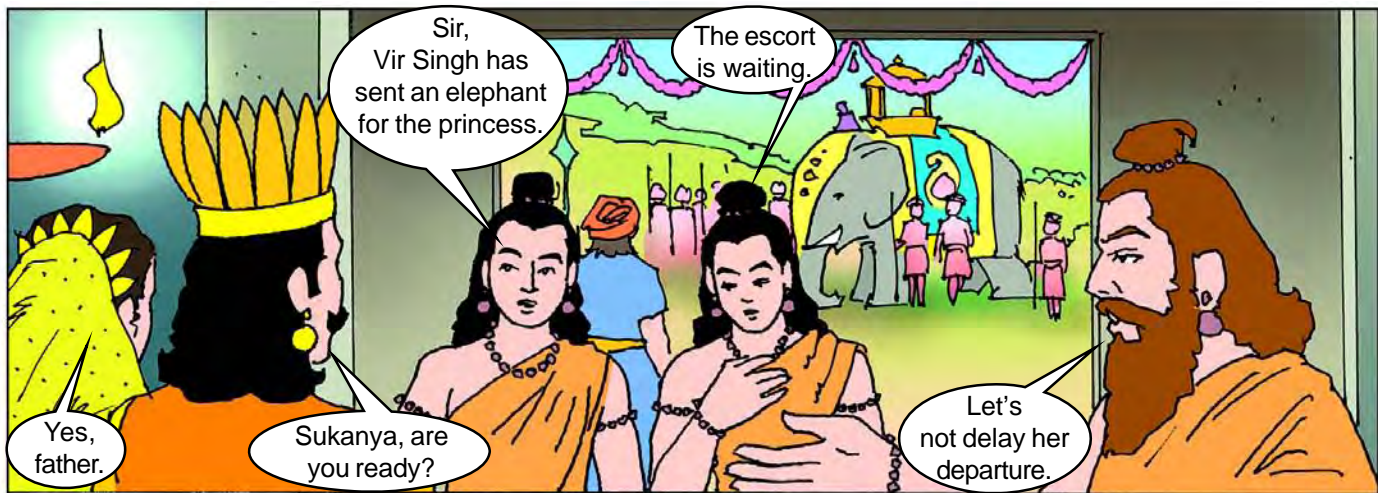


At the temple, hermit Jayananda is being assisted by Prince Arya. The golden idol looks awe-inspiring.

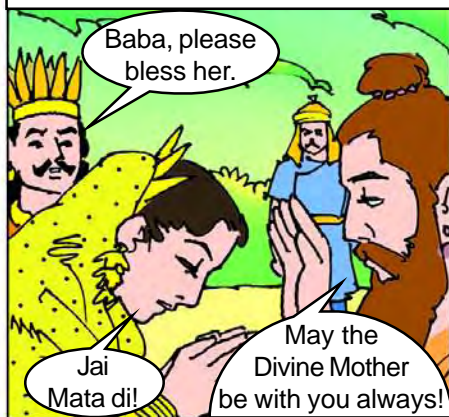


After completing the rituals Jayanand joins Sukhdev and Sukanya.





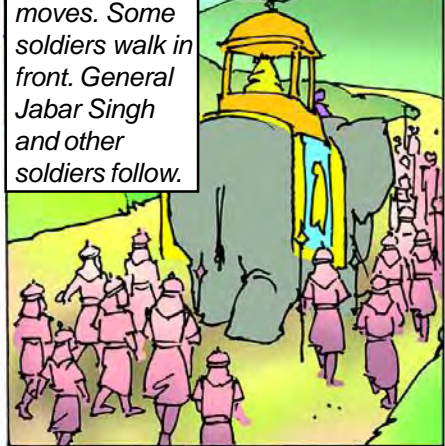
Sukanya takes the blessings of the hermit.



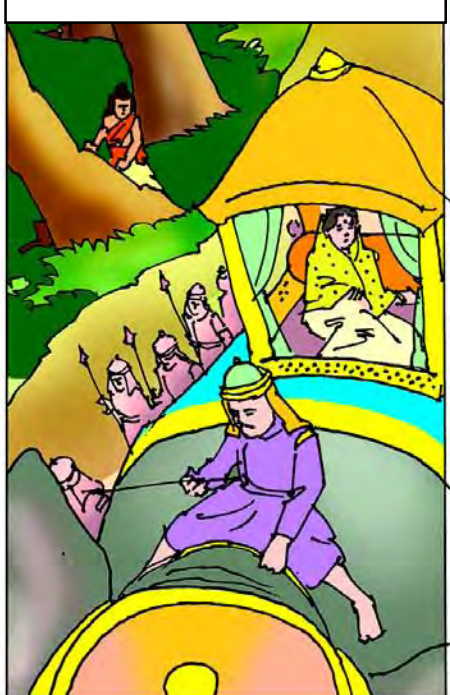
Jayanand calls his disciple.



The procession moves. Some soldiers walk in front. General Jabar Singh and other soldiers follow.



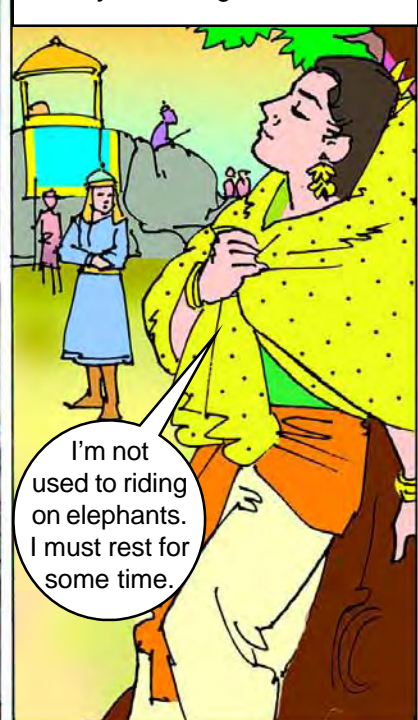
Govind keeps a safe distance, and is not noticed.

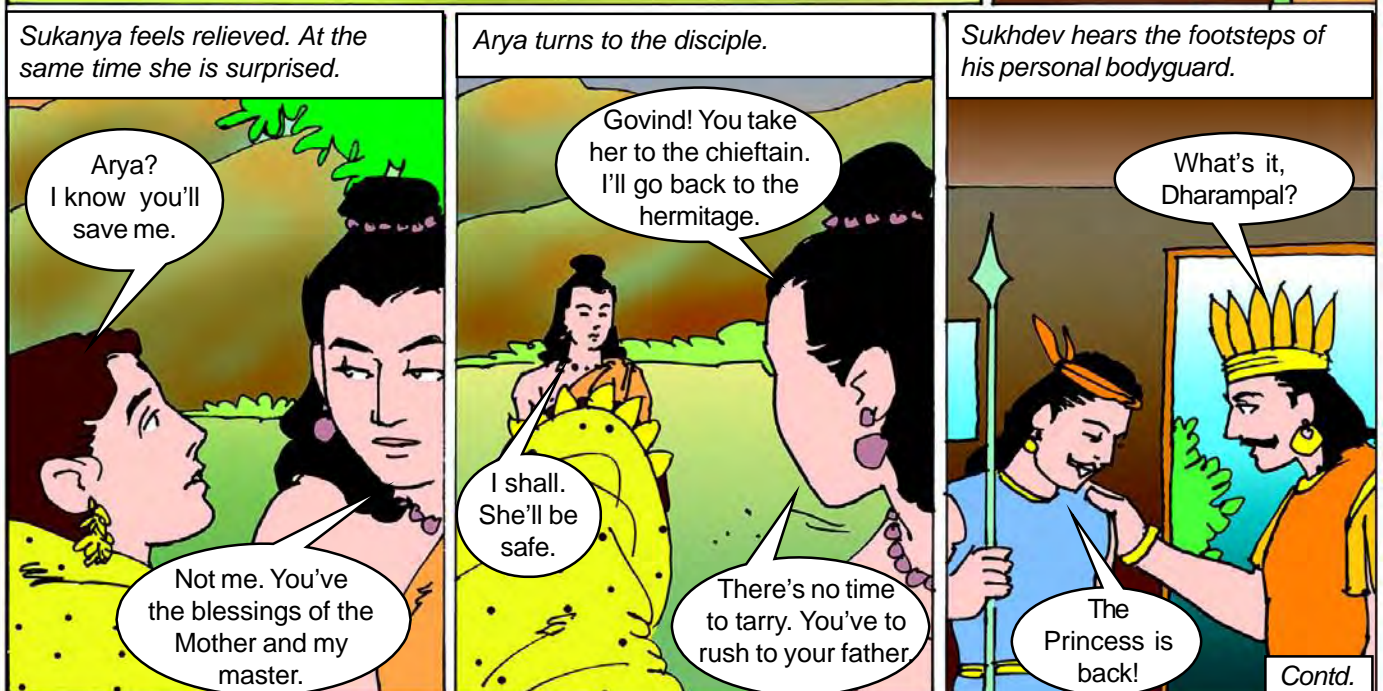
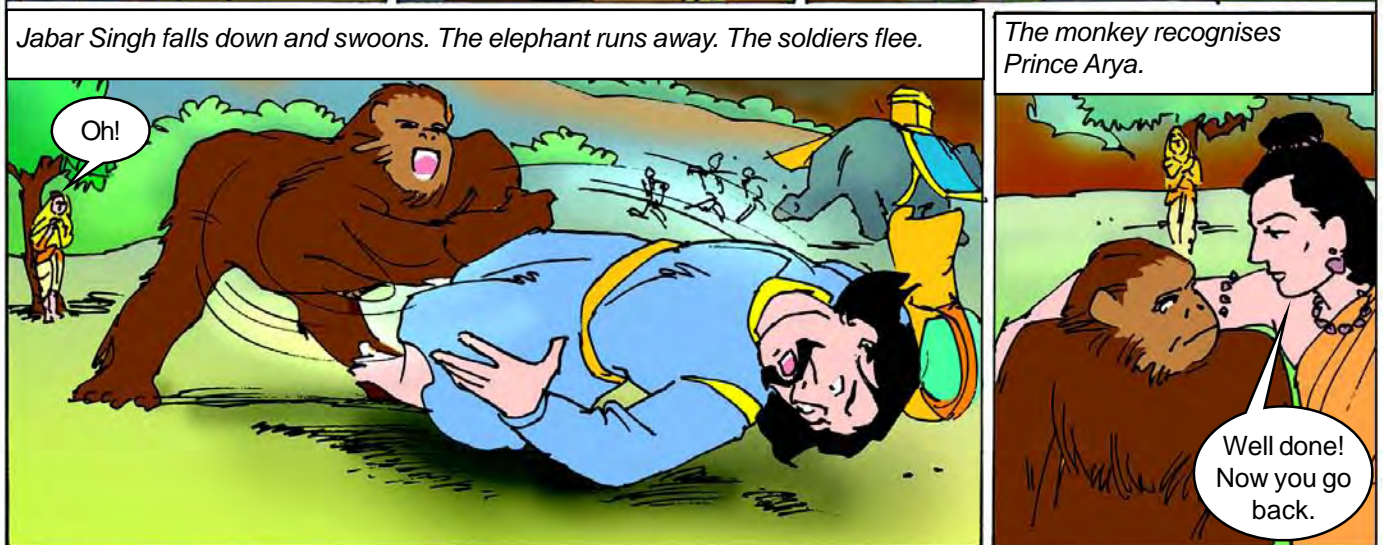


Suddenly....



Sukanya leans against a tree.







Better to remain silent and be a fool than to speak out and remove all doubts.

- Abraham Lincoln



A father and his little son were standing in front of the tiger's cage at the zoo. Father was explaining how ferocious and strong tigers are, and junior was taking it all

in with a serious expression.

"Dad," the boy said finally, "if the tiger got out of his cage and ate you up ..."

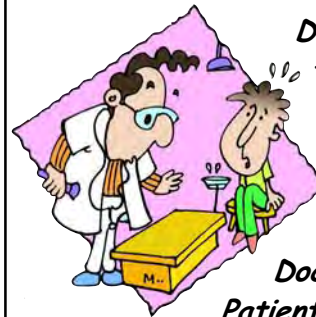
"Yes, son?" the father said expectantly.

"What bus should I take home?" the boy finished.

LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

Shyam had been misbehaving and was sent to his room. After a while he emerged and informed his mother that he had thought it over and then said a prayer. "Fine," said the pleased mother. "If you ask God to help you not misbehave, He will certainly help you.

"Oh, I didn't ask Him to help me not to misbehave," said Shyam. "I asked Him to help you put up with me."



Doctor : It's most essential that you should refrain from doing head work during the next few weeks.

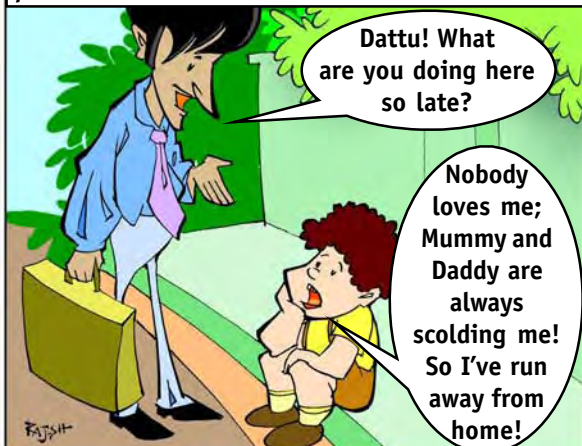
Patient : Yes, doctor, but it's my living.

Doctor : Oh, are you a scholar?

Patient : No, I'm a barber.

Dushtu Dattu

One evening, Dattu's neighbour is returning from office when he spots Dattu sitting on the pavement.





A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY

Dara Shikoh's Daughter

There are some characters in history that stand out as incredible. Dara Shikoh's daughter, Jani, was one of them. With Shah Jehan gravely ill, the same Red Fort that had once been the site of joy, festivity, laughter and happiness, now shook with the forces of hatred, jealousy, deceit, treachery and a ruthless tussle for power.

The entire city of Shahjahanabad was stunned and the people within the fort were steeped in sorrow at the tragic fate of Dara Shikoh. Strange as it might seem, it was Malik Jiwan, the Afghan

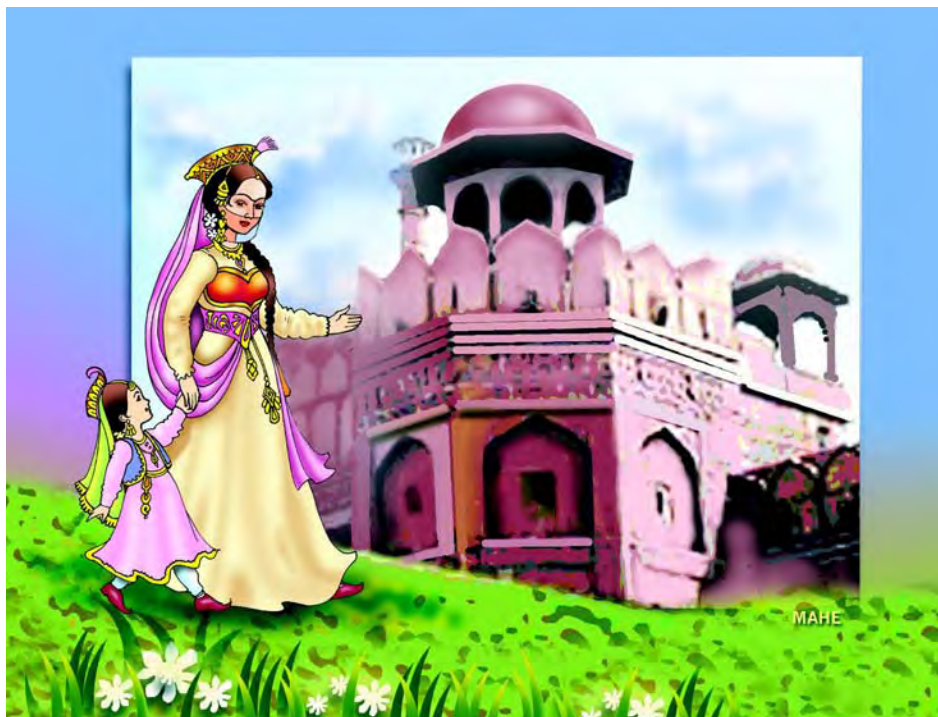
chief of Dadar, whose life Dara Shikoh had once saved, who betrayed him and helped Aurangzeb to capture him. The captive prince and his family were brought to Delhi and kept prisoners at Khawaspura, a village three miles south of Delhi.

After Dara Shikoh was put to death, Aurangzeb sent Dara's imprisoned son to the Gwalior Fort and had him locked up in the pitch-dark dungeon. Roshan Ara, Aurangzeb's favourite sister, took away Dara's little daughter Jani, who had always been particularly dear to Shah Jehan, and made her life miserable by giving her a tough

time. But Jahan Ara intervened and asked Aurangzeb to let her take charge of the child. Aurangzeb was unable to defy his elder sister to her face, and agreed reluctantly.

Jani, the darling of her grandfather Shah Jehan and once adored by father Dara Shikoh, was eventually brought up by Jahan Ara when Aurangzeb demolished the rest of her family. She stands out as an outstanding character in the gory history of the Red Fort. Jani was totally void of bitterness and hatred despite her tragic life. She did not believe in the doctrine of 'eye for an eye'. She constantly upheld Babar's example, who had laid down his own life for his son Humayun, rather than remember those who had butchered and tortured their own brothers and kinsmen. "It is for Allah to judge them," she said, "I shall not let their thoughts or actions disturb me."

Jani was so sweet, and so free from hatred and malice that even Aurangzeb eventually came



Medicine-making in China

under her spell and could not help loving her. When Jani was old enough, he went to Jahan Ara himself and formally asked for her hand in marriage to Azam, his second and most favourite son. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp and show. Jahan Ara did not possess much wealth because of her captivity but she left all her personal belongings - clothes and jewellery - to Jani.

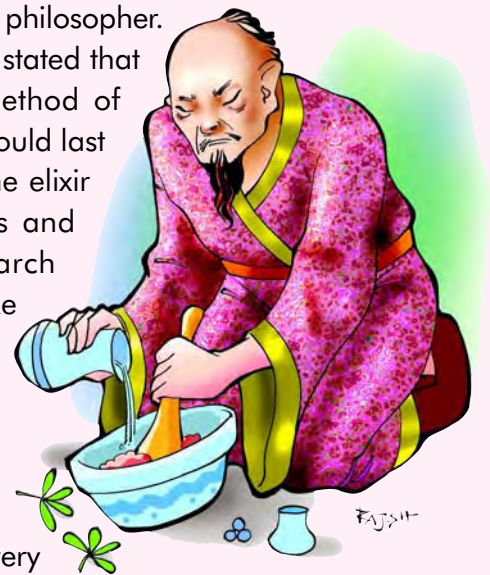
Azam was a brave soldier. Jani Begum always accompanied him to the battlefield. Once while fighting in Deccan, Azam's life was in real danger and Aurangzeb himself ordered him to come back. But Azam sent word, saying: "Mohammad Azam, his two sons and Begum will not retreat from this post of danger so long as he is alive. After my death, His Majesty may have my corpse removed for burial. My followers may stay or go as they please."

On hearing this, Aurangzeb sent a relief force. But it was Jani who saved his life by following him on an elephant with Anirudh Singh, a brave soldier, whom she used to treat as her son. The battle was won as a result of their combined effort. The entire city rejoiced when Azam returned to the Red Fort with Jani. After Aurangzeb's death, Azam became the next Emperor, succeeding the throne on March 14, 1707. But his reign lasted a bare three months. Jani was the queen no longer. But she was loved and revered by all as long as she lived. **-Swapna Dutta**

The discovery of medicine in ancient China happened more than 2,000 years ago. The ancient Chinese's goal was to find an elixir of life to make the emperors immortal and help them live for ever. Towards this, they made a series of medicines and remedies. That is how China began the search for medicine.

The idea to discover an elixir and the science of medicine was influenced by Tao Ch'ien, a famous poet and philosopher.

In his poetry and philosophy, he stated that if the Chinese discovered a method of turning metal into gold, which would last forever, they could also make the elixir of life. With this belief, doctors and pharmacologists began to search madly for a technique to make metal into gold. This belief also made doctors try to discover other ways to make people immortal, and that led to the making of elixir.



About a century after the discovery of medicine, *acupuncture* was invented in China. Acupuncture is a treatment, which does not involve any drugs. Needles are inserted in certain parts of a person's body. The Chinese believed that if the needles are placed in those specific spots, Yin and Yang would be balanced. When the forces were balanced, it was believed that it would relieve pain and one would not get any diseases.

Tsou Yen turned medicine-making into a science. He made a system of rules of classifying large and small objects. Shen Nong then put herbal medicine in two categories: "Four Spirits" and "Five Tastes". Shen thought that if medicines made your body respond to either cold, hot, warm, or cool, they would go in the "Four Spirits" group. If a medicine was sour, bitter, hot, sweet, or salty, it would be in the "Five Tastes" group.

These discoveries and events led to the invention of medicine. If the Chinese had not discovered medicine, today's doctors would not have such advanced medicine. Modern world has benefited from the inventions and discoveries made by China.

PUZZLE DAZZLE



CROSS NUMBER PUZZLE

Here is a Cross-
Number puzzle.
Complete it by using
the clues given
below. Happy
solving it.

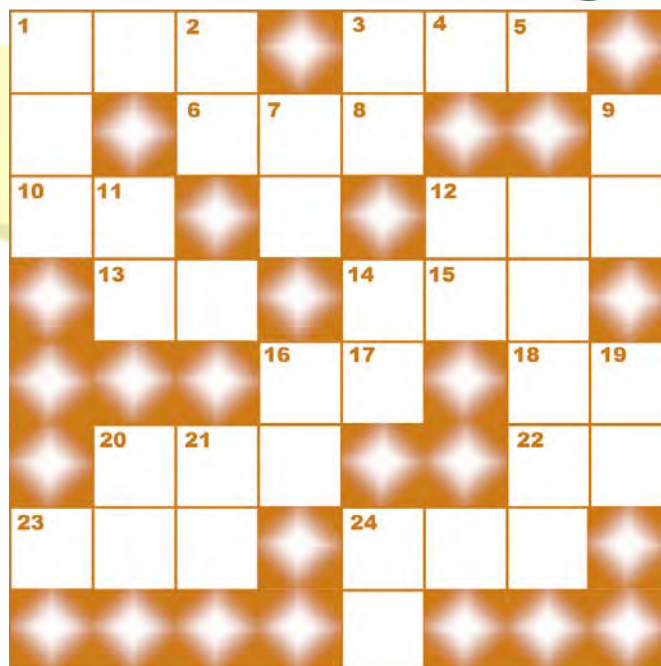


Across:

1. the number of days in a typical year.
3. the number of hours in eleven and a half days.
6. the number of days in March through September.
10. the hours one spends in a train journey that begins Friday at 3 p.m. and ends Monday at noon.
12. the number of days in January through June.
13. the number of minutes in one-third of an hour.
14. 11 p.m. using a 24-hour clock.
15. the number of months in two years.
16. the number of video games that can be played in 2 hours if each game takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.
17. the number of 45-minute videos that can be seen in 6 hours.
18. November is the ____ th month of the year.
20. the number of minutes in 6 hours.
22. the number of miles driven in 50 minutes at 60 miles per hour.
23. the number of seconds in 6 minutes.
24. the number of years in a century.

Down :

1. the number of days in a leap year.
2. the number of weeks in a year.



3. the number of hours in a day.
7. the number of hours from 2 p.m. until 5 a.m. the next morning.
9. the number of days in a 3-week vacation.
11. the number of days in June, July, and August.
12. the number of weeks in a quarter of a year.
14. the number of days in February excluding leap year.
16. the number of hours in a working week if someone works Monday-Friday for 8 hrs per day.
18. the number of minutes in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
19. the number of years in a decade.
20. the number of hours in 3 twelve-hour shifts.
21. the number of minutes equal to 3,600 seconds.
24. the number of days in a fortnight.

- By R Vaasugi

Answers :
Across : 1. 365, 3. 276, 6. 214, 10. 69, 12. 180, 13. 20, 14. 224, 15. 24, 16. 48, 17. 8, 18. 11, 20. 360, 22. 20, 23. 360, 24. 100
Down : 1. 366, 2. 52, 3. 24, 7. 15, 9. 20, 11. 92, 12. 12, 14. 28, 16. 40, 18. 12, 19. 10, 20. 36, 21. 60, 24. 14



SECRET OF NATURE'S LOVE

LEGENDS FROM OTHER LANDS (MALAYSIA)

Poor Ankasa, a boy in his teens, had nothing to eat. He walked into the forest at noon, hoping to find some fruit to appease his hunger. Soon he found a solitary tree bearing a solitary fruit that was not only edible but highly tasty.

While he wondered how to reach it, Ankasa heard a voice telling him that if he dug a little *under* the tree he would find much more than his need. Ankasa did so and found a lump of gold.

He guessed there was much more lying buried underneath, but he did not dig out all at once. He went to the market and changed the lump into small chips of gold and with that he bought a bullock cart and loaded it with food and returned to his hut.

He then hired some masons and began building a house for himself close to the forest. Ultimately it turned out to be a palace. He would secretly visit the spot that had yielded him gold and find more and more gold. He helped many to settle down around his house.

Ankasa got married. He became the father of a lovely boy and a beautiful girl. The ruler of the nearby kingdom feared that Ankasa might one day declare himself a king. He wished that Ankasa should not have any heir, so that he could occupy all Ankasa had. Accordingly, he sent to Ankasa two of his mischievous courtiers who were accomplished actors. With the help of the king's spies, the two stole Ankasa's pet horse and tied it to a tree deep inside the forest. When Ankasa was desperately looking for it, they met him and introduced themselves as astrologers. Then they pretended to make some calculations and, indeed, the horse was found by them.

Ankasa asked them to predict the future of his children, son Karma and daughter Puspa Neela (Blue Flower). The fake astrologers told Ankasa that the children would be the cause for his and his wife's death and the destruction of all the people around. To leave them in the forest would be the best thing to do. Ankasa was sad, but he resolved to act as advised. At night the boy and the girl were given some potion that brought them deep sleep. They were then put into a horse-drawn carriage. By dawn the carriage had reached the farthest end of the forest, near the sea. The boy and girl were left on a slab of stone.

With the touch of sunlight Karma and Puspa Neela woke up. They sat marvelling at the glorious sunrise and the golden waves of the sea. "Our parents must have decided to give us a



thrill of appreciating nature,” said Karma. “Look at that bunch of flowers. Have you ever seen anything more splendid than that?” asked Puspa Neela. Karma drew his sister’s attention to several other flower-bearing trees and bushes.

They ate several delicious fruit and drank from the spring. By and by darkness began to claim the forest. “Father’s men might have forgotten the spot where they left us,” commented Puspa Neela.

Suddenly they saw a moonlit castle in front of them. “How strange, we did not see it till now,” they said. As they went closer, a loving voice asked them to come in. Inside, there were food and bed ready for them. “But who is our host?” wondered the two. “I’m the spirit of Nature. You loved my trees, you loved my sea and you loved my atmosphere. That pleases me very much. Tell me, what would you like to have as a boon? Should it be a lot of gold or the secret love of Nature?” asked the invisible spirit.

“The secret love of Nature,” the brother and sister spoke out together.

“Excellent. Nature will always be friendly with you,” said the invisible spirit. Karma and Puspa were happy.

They ate and soon fell asleep. They saw no castle when they woke up in the morning. What they saw instead were a few sinister-looking bandits surrounding them. “Come on, you’re our slaves,” said the chief of the rogues.

“We’re not obliged to obey you,” said Karma firmly.

“Not obliged, eh? Cheek!” shouted the rogue as he unsheathed his sharp, dazzling dagger. But the very next moment the fellow looked pale. A roar shook the forest. The bandits fled, but the chief himself was seen being dragged away by a lion.

Surprisingly, Karma and Puspa Neela felt no fear at all. They understood that the secret love of Nature was at work in them. They walked along the seashore. A ship lay at anchor and its captain and some members of the crew were walking towards them. “We wish to go back to our parents. Can you help us?” asked Karma. He told the captain how they found themselves in the forest. He described the village they belonged to.

“Hm!” said the captain. “I can leave you there if you board my ship.”

Gladly Karma and Puspa Neela boarded the ship. But once the ship resumed its voyage, the captain laughed aloud and said that he intended to marry Puspa Neela. Karma could be his personal servant.

“Marry you? A crook?” cried out Puspa Neela. No sooner had she said that than the captain lifted her and threw her into the tumultuous sea. “O my sister, my life!” cried out Karma. Before his eyes a huge shark swallowed her up.



“Now serve me as a slave or die!” commanded the captain. But a terrible storm struck the region. Struggling for a while, the ship broke into pieces and went down the sea with all its inmates. Karma floated hugging a plank. All he knew before losing consciousness was, some dolphins were pushing the plank.

When he regained his senses, he found himself being nursed by an old woman, inside a hut. “I found you washed ashore three days ago. God has given you to me. I’ve nobody in this world. I’ll look after you and you’ll look after me,” said the joyous woman.

Karma felt grateful to her, but was extremely sad. He could not forget the awful sight of a shark swallowing up his sister. However, he kept himself engaged in changing the barren ground around the old woman’s hut into a garden and an orchard. A year passed.

“Son, the prince, who was recently crowned the king, is getting married. The wedding procession will be a grand sight,” the old woman told Karma. The two reached the festive capital. Heralds announced that strangers who did not belong to the kingdom were welcome to stand on a special platform.

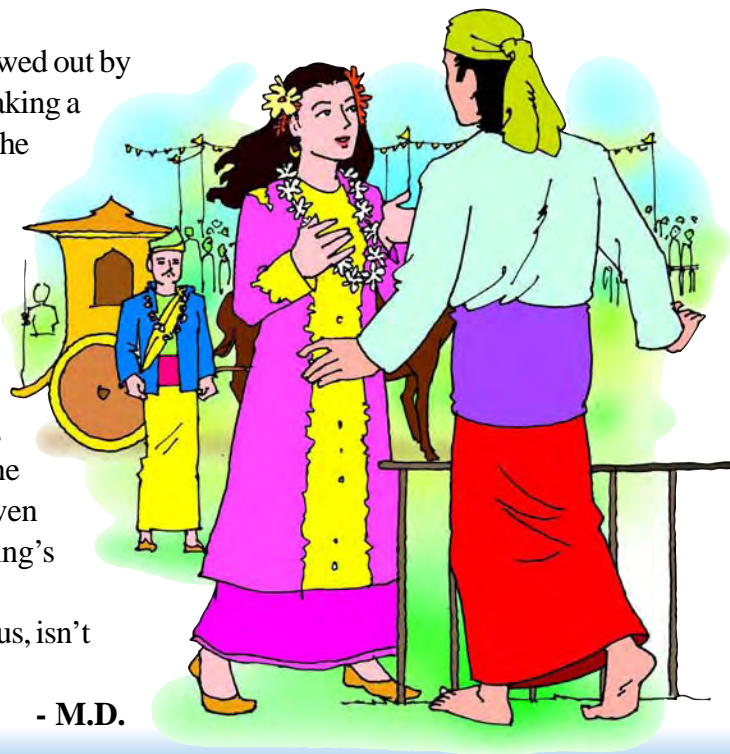
Karma was led there. As the splendid wedding procession slowly advanced towards its destination, the royal chariot carrying the bridegroom and the bride came to a sudden halt.

“My brother, my life!” exclaimed the beautiful bride. The king’s men at once pushed their way through the crowd and brought Karma closer to the chariot. It did not take long for Karma to realize that the bride was none other than his lost sister – the one swallowed up by a shark!

Indeed, swallowed up she had been, but only to be spewed out by that terrible creature on to the shore. The prince, who was taking a morning walk, found her and had her brought to his palace. She was nursed back to health. For one year she looked for her brother everywhere, but in vain. The prince who had fallen in love with her persuaded her to marry him with the promise that the search would continue without any interruption.

The wedding was a delightful affair. Karma became the young king’s chief adviser. After things settled down, he went with an army to find out what happened to his parents. Well, they had been reduced to paupers by the wicked king of the neighbourhood. Karma brought them to his new-found haven and after some preparations led an army into the wicked king’s capital, defeated him and occupied the throne.

“At every turn of events the secret love of Nature saved us, isn’t that so?” the brother and sister often spoke between them.



- M.D.



SWEET REVENGE

Raghulal was a poor farmer of Motihari village where Pyarelal was a wealthy moneylender. He amassed his wealth mostly by cheating the native villagers. It is not as though they were unaware of his tricks, but as there was none else to turn to when the need was urgent, they allowed themselves to be cheated. So much so, the one who borrowed money became poorer while the one who lent became richer.

The method adopted by Pyarelal was simple. He did away with promissory notes. "Why should we sign

documents?" he would say. "You need money, and I give it to you. When you have money, you repay. But you pay me my interest without fail, that's all I insist." At the end of the year, the borrower would be left with no doubt that he had paid a larger sum than what he had borrowed, and he still would not have repaid the actual sum he borrowed! The borrower would be totally ignorant of the arithmetic of his dealings with Pyarelal.

Raghulal found himself at his wit's end. Whenever he didn't have any money to give the moneylender, Pyarelal would take away quantities of grain from Raghulal's granary; other times, he would have grabbed little bits of the farmer's small field; sometimes, Raghulal would have even parted with some of his cooking vessels. Once when Pyarelal did not see Raghulal for days together, he went to his house. The poor farmer came out and said, "I've only these rags left on my body, and I don't have a second set for a change. What shall I do?"

Pyarelal had a ready answer. "Why don't you go to Ram for help? He had been very kind to me. I shall come back some days later," he said and went away.

'I shall search for Ram. If he has helped Pyarelal, then he'll certainly help me,' Raghulal assured himself and got ready to go in search of Ram. He walked and walked and did not find a person with whom he could enquire how to reach Ram. He then came upon someone looking like a priest. "Would you please tell me where I can find the kindly Ram? I shall give you one of the three *rotis* I am carrying."

The man did not even take a second look at the *roti* he was extending and went away mumbling. Raghulal



continued to walk and a little later saw a person who was wearing the holy ash on his forehead. He offered him a roti and asked him. "Where can I find Ram? I'm sure you would lead me to him." The man accepted the roti readily and said, "I'm sorry I don't know Ram. I know only Shiva." He then walked away, without offering a word of thanks.

Raghulal walked, now hungry and tired. He could have eaten the rotis and taken some rest, but he did not, hoping that someone might help him and he would share the rotis with him. Soon, there came his way a poor man in rags, and looking equally tired. He told the man, "I'm looking for Ram and I was told that he would help me." He then opened his bundle of rotis.

"Oh! You want to meet Ram? I'm Ram. Tell me, how could I be of help to you?" said the man, eagerly looking at the rotis.

"Here! Please take one roti," said Raghulal and both started eating. He then told the poor man how he had been cheated by the moneylender. "I'm now left with no land, no money, and the wherewithal for a living."

The poor man, now looking no more hungry, pulled out a conch from a little bag he was carrying. "If you blow it in a particular way, this conch will give you whatever you want. I don't have strength to blow it and so it's no longer of use to me. Take it. But, let me warn you. Let the moneylender not fool you again." The poor man in rags then went his way.

Raghulal now returned home, shut all the windows and doors and tried to blow the conch this way and that. When he blew it one particular way, out came tinkling coins. As he was not a greedy man, he stopped blowing. He thought he had enough coins to buy him food. He

took rest for a whole day and went back to work on whatever was left of his small farm.

One day, Pyarelal came that way and found Raghulal's field looking so green and ready for harvesting. He decided to call on him. He went to his house with a plate of sweets and all smiling, "I'm so glad, Raghulal, that prosperity has returned to you," said the moneylender. "No, I'm not reminding you of the loan you had taken from me. But just tell me, what is the secret of your success?"

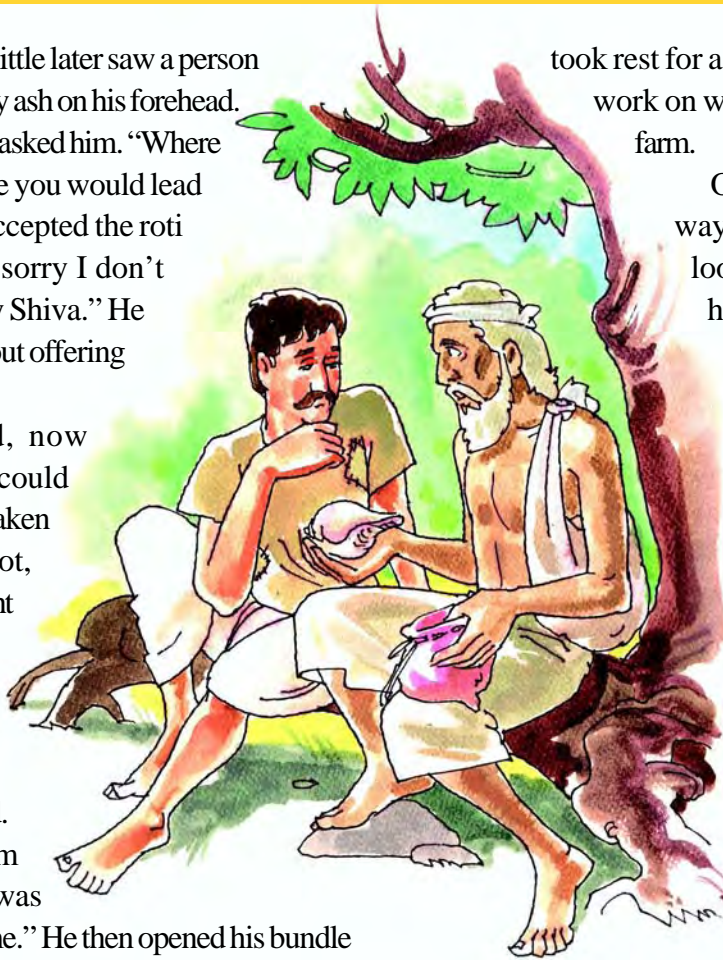
Raghulal, the simpleton that he was, showed him the conch and said, "I owe everything to this conch."

Pyarelal thought that the farmer must have unearthed the conch by sheer accident. The greedy man that he was, he decided to cheat the farmer. As he got up to leave, he managed to hide the conch in the folds of his long shawl. Raghulal did not notice for some days that the conch was missing, as he now had enough money.

Back at home, the moneylender tried to blow the conch, but no sound came out and he was frustrated. After some days, he went to Raghulal with a plate of sweets and said, "Friend, I've to make a confession. That day, I was attracted by the beauty of the conch and took it home for a closer look at it. And I tried to blow it, but it didn't produce any sound! How then did you say that you owe your prosperity to this conch?"

Raghulal was so naive as to pick up the conch and blow it. Pyarelal could not believe his eyes when he saw tinkling coins falling out of the conch. "All right, Raghulal, you forget all about the loan you had taken from me. Just see that I get the double of whatever you get."

Raghulal protested. "You've cheated me for long,



haven't you? Before I do anything for you, you must promise that you would return all the extra money you have taken from me. Also return that portion of the farm you took from me. And don't forget the vessels. I haven't cooked anything in my kitchen for days."

Pyarelal found himself in a fix. He was desperate. He grabbed the conch and said, "In that case, let this remain in my possession. Neither of us will benefit from it." And Pyarelal began to leave.

Raghulal admitted defeat. "I take your word that you won't demand any more money from me. Give back the conch. Whenever I blow it, you will get the double of whatever I get. But see that you return my vessels today and recall the farm hands working on *my* piece of land."

The moneylender went away, head hung. Raghulal waited till Pyarelal sent back the vessels. The next day, instead of wishing for coins, he wished that he went blind in one eye as he blew the conch. He waited for a few days and found that the moneylender's men had left the field. He then called on Pyarelal.

Poor man, he was groping his way to the door of his house as he heard his name being called. Raghulal saw that both his eyes had become blind! Sweet revenge, he thought.



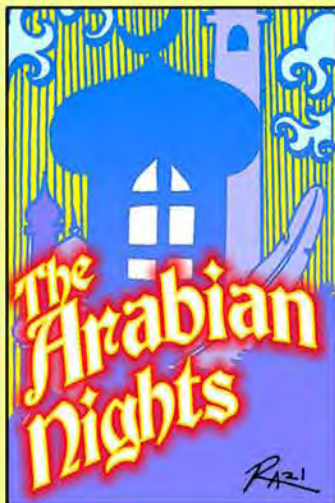
"Raghulal, forgive me for all my misdeeds!" pleaded Pyarelal. "Please request your conch to give back my eyesight, won't you?" Do you think the conch would have obliged to grant such a strange request?



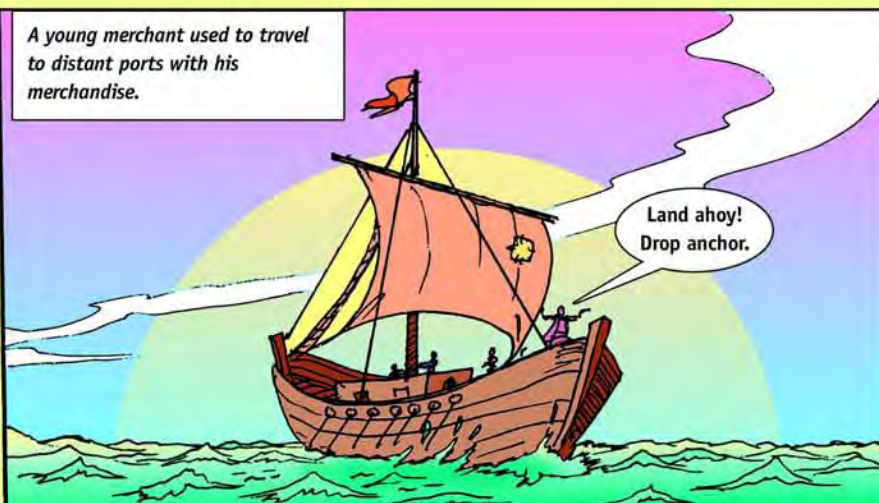
Cat Scan

A man takes his obviously dead dog to the Veterinary doctor. He says to the doctor, "I think my dog is real sick. Would you please examine him and tell me what you think?" The doctor looks at the dog and says, "I'm very sorry Mr. Madhesh, but your dog has died." The man implores, "Are you sure doctor? Aren't there any tests so that you can be sure?" "Okay," says the doctor skeptically. He has his assistant bring in the office house cat. The cat proceeds to sniff the dog from nose to tail, jumps off the table and goes into the other room. The doctor says, "Well, that confirms my diagnosis, Mr. Madhesh, your dog is no more." Regrettably, the doctor continues. "And I'm really sorry to have to give you the bill for our services at such a sad time." The man looks at the bill and in shock says, "Rs 300? Rs 300 to tell me my dog is dead??"

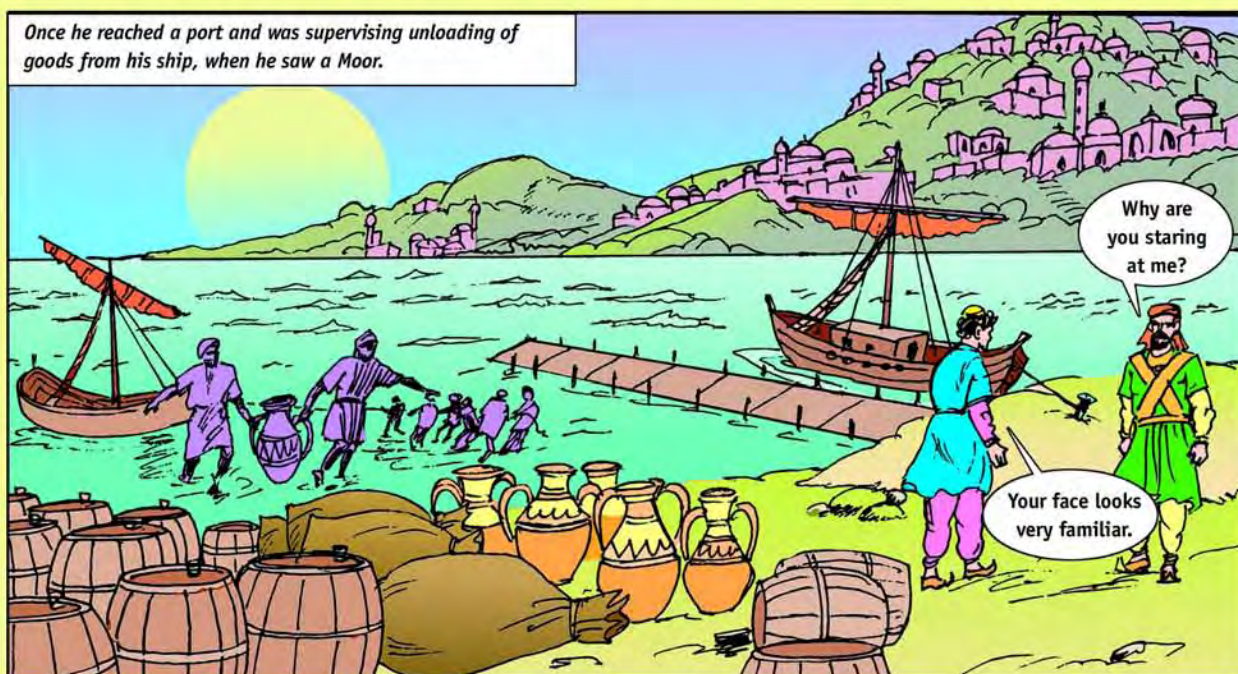
"No," says the doctor, "that is only Rs 50. The other Rs 250 is for the cat scan."



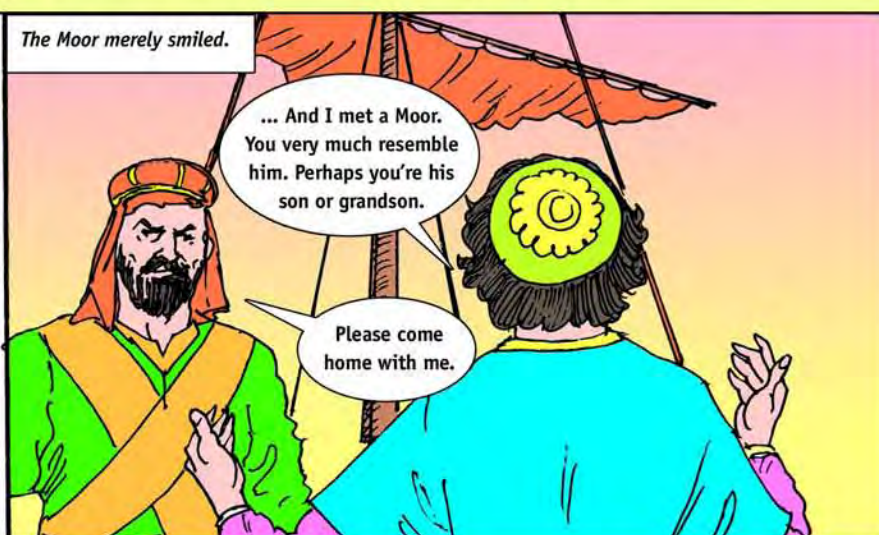
A young merchant used to travel to distant ports with his merchandise.



Once he reached a port and was supervising unloading of goods from his ship, when he saw a Moor.



The Moor merely smiled.

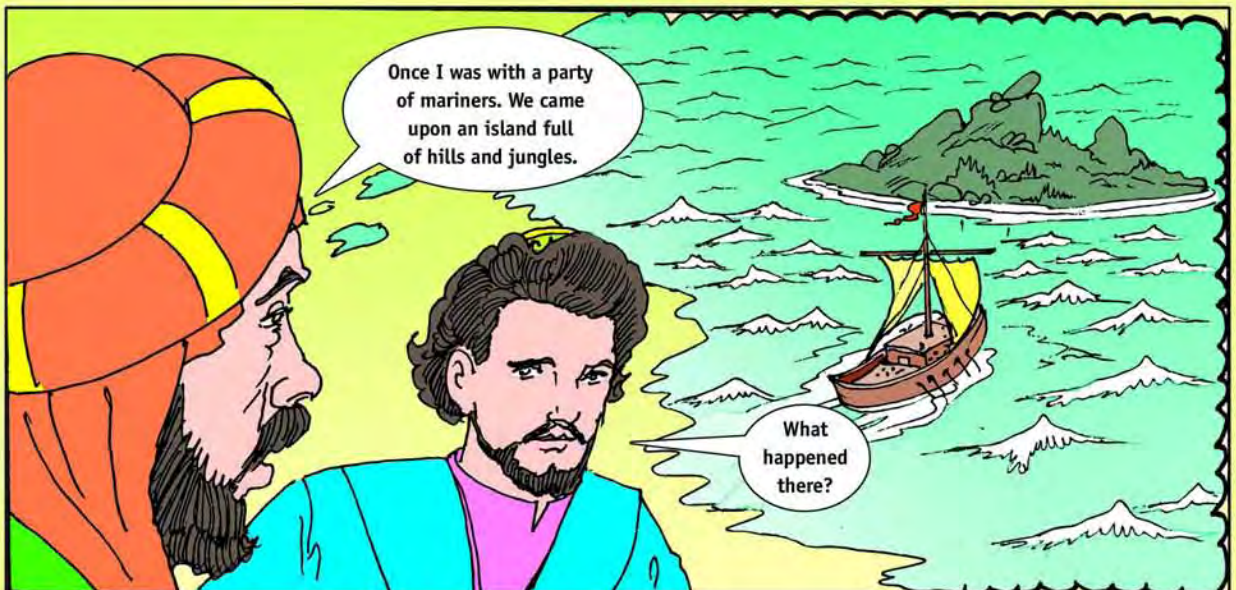


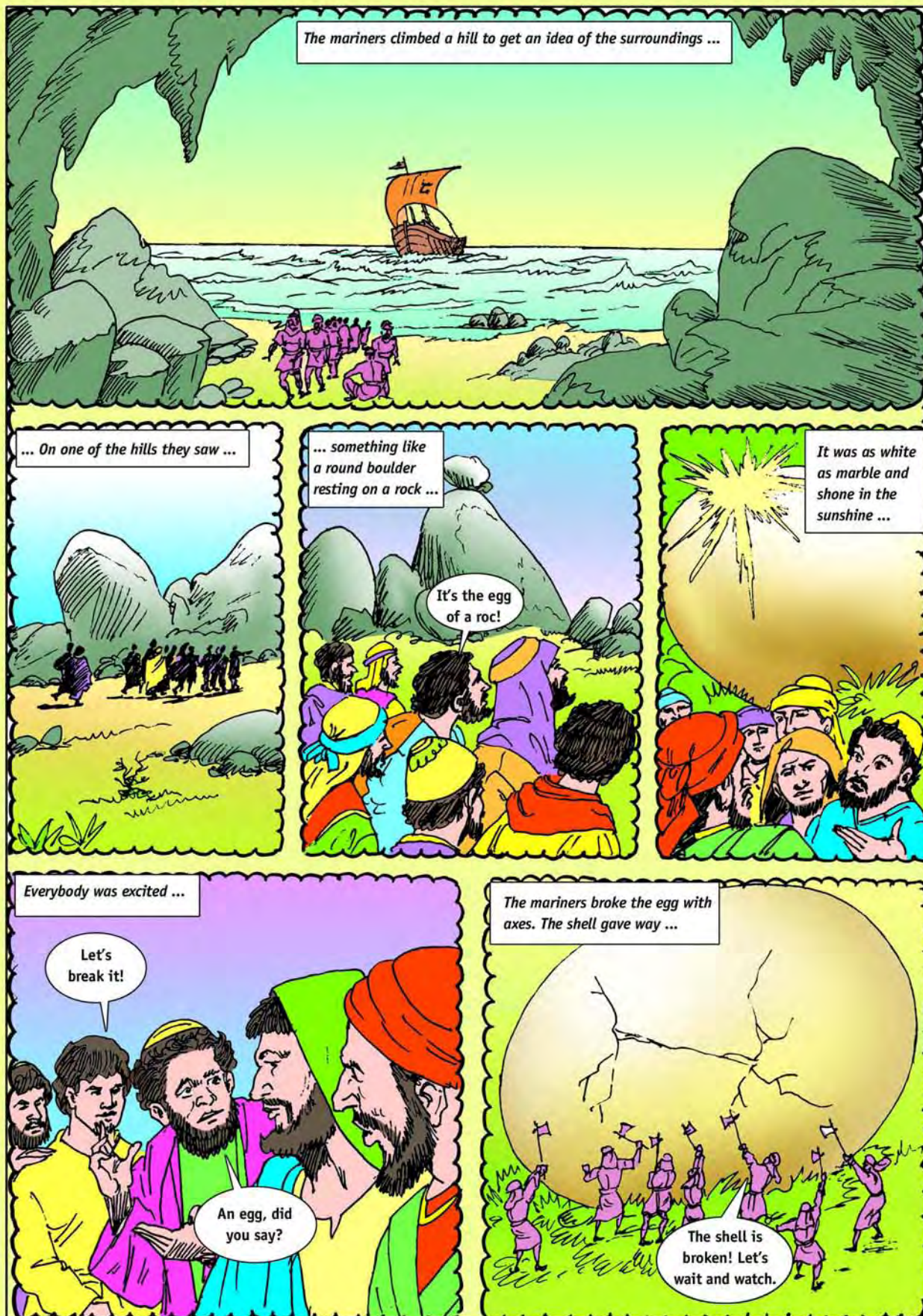
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As we watched, a roc chic emerged ...



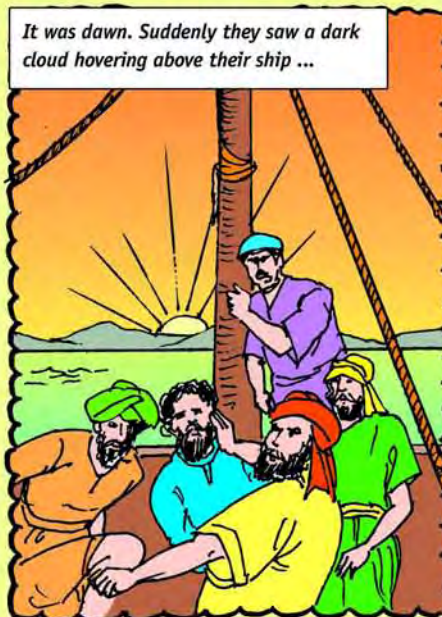
The mariners killed the chic and carried the flesh to their ship. I took away the feather ...



The mariners set sail in a hurry ...



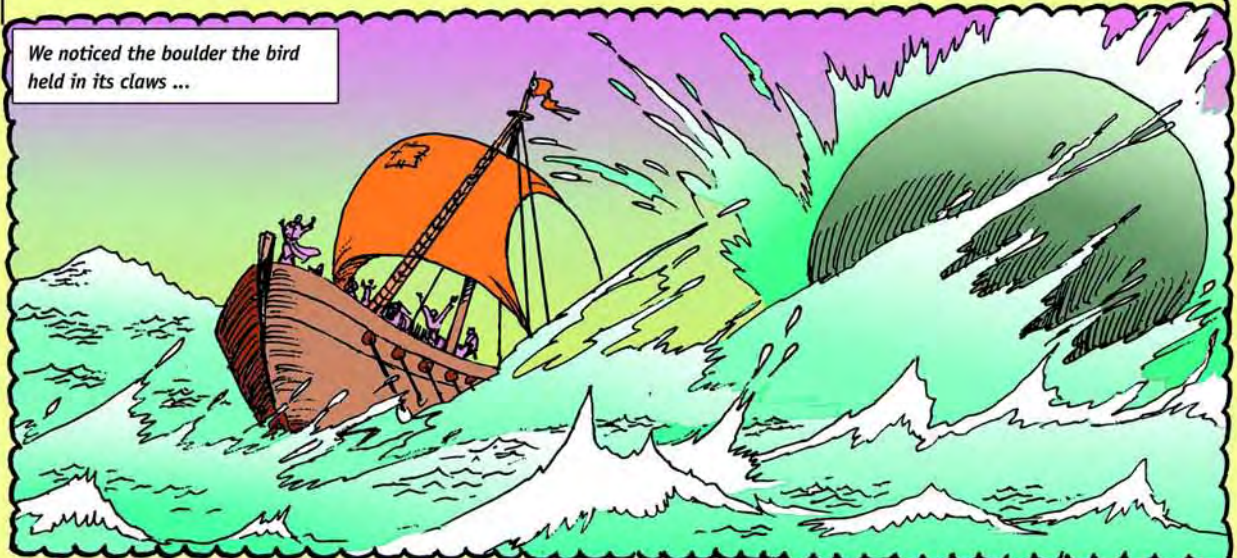
It was dawn. Suddenly they saw a dark cloud hovering above their ship ...

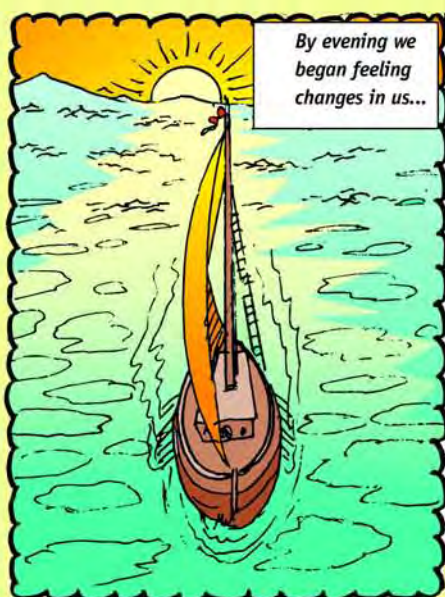
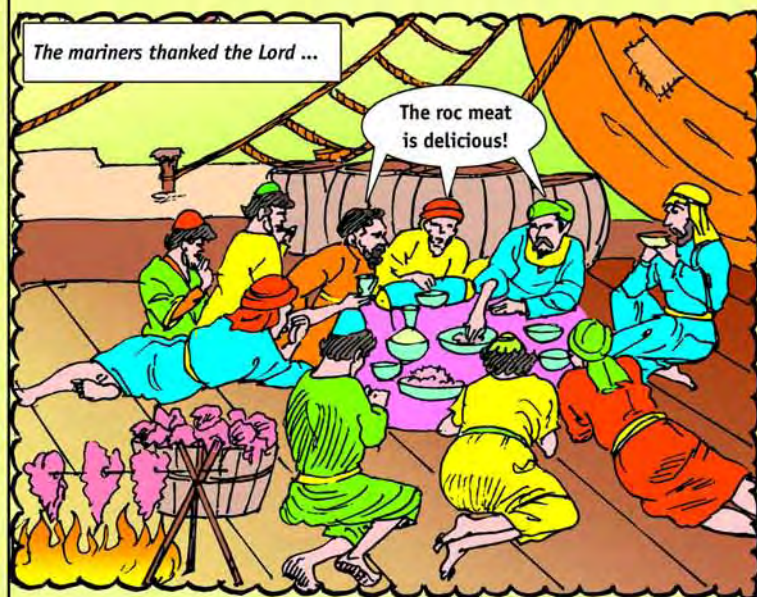


... It was not a cloud, but a huge roc ...



We noticed the boulder the bird held in its claws ...





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12 X 12 is 144 : Yes, right!

12 X 12 can also be 120!



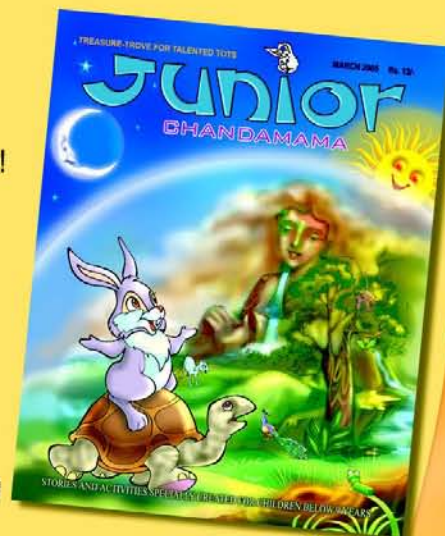
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INDIA SCOPE

Conveyance of post by relay

In the 13th century, during the early days of India's postal service, letters were conveyed by horse-post and foot-post. The riders of horses, belonging initially to the royalty and later the British rulers, would ride for four miles to reach a station where another horse and its rider would be ready to take over for the ride to the next station. For foot-post, the distance between two stations was three miles. The runners would carry a long wooden staff with bells attached to it. The sound of the bells was a warning to bandits and animals. The bells would also alert the villagers who would come out to greet the runner. Another runner would immediately take off for the next station.



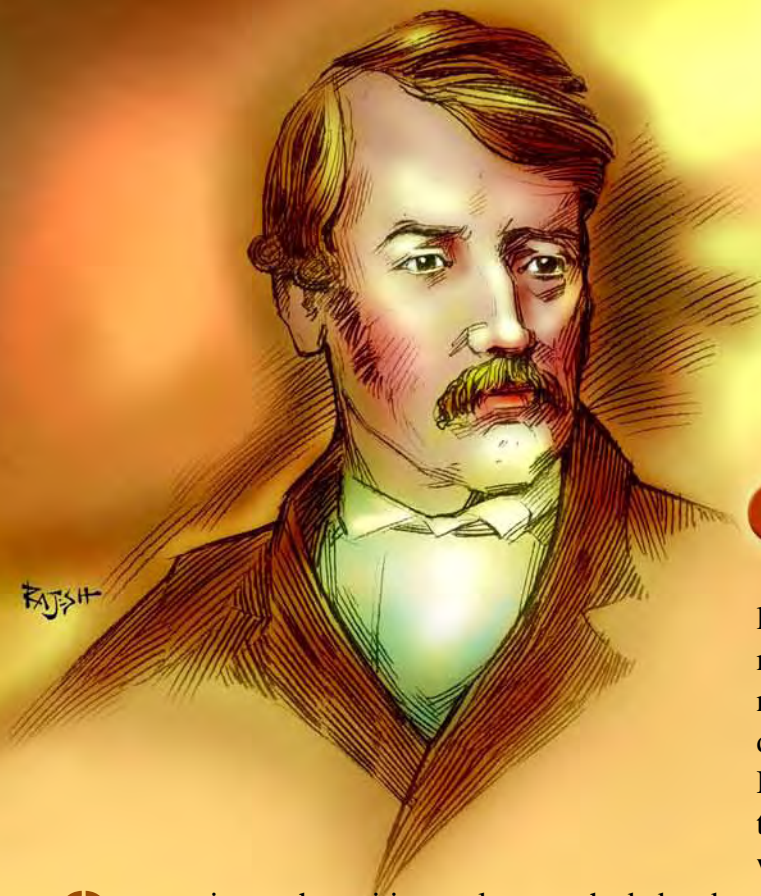
From Ahom to Assam

The Ahoms, a branch of the Shan tribe, lived in Pong located between India and Burma (now Myanmar). In the 13th century, they entered India through the Patkai Hills and subjugated the local chieftains, and became masters of the Brahmaputra valley. This area came to be called Sham, pronounced Asham or Ahom in Burmese language. The place was earlier known as Kamarupa. The Ahoms adopted Hindu customs and built many temples. Their capital was Sibsagar.

First Muslim Construction

There is a mosque in Delhi, called in Persian as "Quwwat ul Islam". It is near the Qutb Minar and is said to be the first Muslim construction in India. It was built by Qutb-ud-din, the Viceroy of Delhi after its capture from Prithviraj. When the Qila (fort) Rai Pithora was demolished, the carved columns and lintels were used for the mosque. This was the beginning of a new style of architecture, called Indo-Muslim architecture.





DARING THE DARK CONTINENT

One morning, as the untiring explorer reached a bend in the river, he was amazed to see, miles away, columns of vapour rising in the thin air. ‘What could this be?’ he wondered. Soon he heard distant sounds of thunder. Fearlessly, he hurried along the river Zambezi in his little canoe. He was on a mission to find the source of the great river. It was indeed a very difficult voyage. The turbulent water was hardly navigable; swift was its current and treacherous its depth.

It was not before long that he came to a spectacular sight of awe-inspiring beauty and grandeur. Suddenly, as though by magic, the river broadened to a width of almost 1,708 metres and then plunged headlong into a narrow gorge 110 m deep. On an average, around 550,000 cubic metres of water cascaded over the edge every minute producing down below a boiling and seething turmoil. Nothing was perceptible distinctly. For clouds of spray rose and were borne on the air currents more than 200 ft above the falls. The smoke and mist and deafening roar of this unbroken mass of falling water could be seen, and heard 40 km away.

It was a magnificent natural wonder on the river Zambezi in southern Africa. In those days, the natives

living in the region described it as “Mosi-oa-Tunya”, meaning “the smoke that thunders”. They even said that no man had so far dared to approach it. But our young daring adventurer was not discouraged by their warning. He was none other than one of the greatest explorers of the African continent, David Livingstone. He was the first white man to discover in 1855 “the greatest known curtain of falling water”, which he called the Victoria Falls after the reigning British monarch, Queen Victoria.

David Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813 in the hamlet in Lanarkshire, Scotland. His parents were humble tea-dealers. It was not surprising that at the tender age of ten, the boy took up some work in a cotton mill in order to contribute to the meagre income of the family. In spite of working very hard, for twelve to fourteen hours a day, young David managed to read an astonishingly large number of books, particularly of travel and natural history. It was the story of a missionary that inspired him and he dreamed of becoming one and to spread the word of God and comfort the sick.

There followed an intensive period of study. Soon the promising youth was not only accepted by a well-known missionary society, but he obtained a medical degree. In 1840 David Livingstone was sent on his first assignment to Africa. He set off from England and after a long sea voyage and then a 700-mile-trek, he reached Kuruman in Bechuanaland, about 200 miles north-east of Kuruman. On one of the sources of the Limpopo river was the valley of Mabotsa. Here he set up his first missionary camp. One day a lion attacked him and almost

crushed his left arm which troubled him throughout his life.

The deeper Livingstone penetrated into the heart of Africa, the greater grew his curiosity and fascination. Accompanied by two English sportsmen he crossed the great Kalahari, followed the course of rivers and explored lakes. He now wished to cross Africa from ocean to ocean, canoeing his way up the river Zambezi through hostile tribes. Suddenly an army of black natives gathered on the river banks determined to stop his party from proceeding further. Livingstone managed to keep the aggressive people in check and in good mood by showing them his watch. They looked at it with wonder, for they had never seen anything like that before. He set the grass alight with his magnifying glass and performed some simple tricks of magic. That was enough to charm and pacify the local tribe. He thus avoided what could have been a fatal end to his expedition.

When Livingstone ventured into the continent, its map was virtually a blank from Kuruman to Timbuktu. His observations, discoveries, and conclusion in astronomy, geography and natural science in all its departments were so precise that they called for a review and reconstruction of the map of Central Africa. He also made a careful study of the river systems and charted them. He was honoured with a medal by the Royal Geographical Society and was appointed Her Majesty's Consul to Central Africa in an honorary capacity. He had by then become a national hero.

In 1858 he once again set out to explore the African rivers, Zambezi, Shire and Rovuma and Lake Nyasa. While following the course of Zambezi he came to a Portuguese settlement of Tete. The local natives on seeing him, at once ran up the river to the Governor with strange tales of a strange man. They said that "the son of God has come. He is able to take down the sun from the heaven and place it under his arm." Livingstone was only carrying a sextant, the navigator's instrument, with an artificial horizon drawn on it.

Once he ventured into a region that was devastated by slave trade. The very sight of it

shocked him. On returning home, he tried to impress upon the authorities and draw public attention on this gross injustice that was being practised in Africa.

Where was the source of the longest river Nile? It was a puzzling question in those days. The Royal Geographical Society was of the view that David Livingstone was the right man to ascertain the central watershed of the continent. He readily agreed to undertake the formidable task. In fact, he had a dream to define the upper waters, to discover the mouths of Africa's three great rivers, the Nile, the Zambezi and the Congo.

So, in August 1865 he sailed from England with thirteen men besides camels, buffaloes, mules and donkeys. But gradually this imposing outfit dwindled to only two faithful African boys, Chuma and Susi, while the others deserted him. He soon reached Lake Tanganyika, an immense sheet of placid water. He explored Lake Nyasa and Mweru and the watercourses of the rivers flowing into and out of these lakes. He discovered Lake Bangweulu and reached Lake Lualaba which he believed was the source of the Nile and was convinced that he had solved the mystery. Actually it was the source of the river Congo.



One day he found that he had lost his goats. Not long after, his medicine chest with his entire stock of essential remedies was stolen. Livingstone felt that he had “received the sentence of death”. For by now he was burning with fever and he was also affected with other serious ailments. But he had no medicines to counteract them. Yet though he knew that he was gambling with his life, he refused to turn back without attaining his goal. Frail and weak and hardly able to stand upright, he continued on his journey. He had already covered more than 800 tedious miles and was determined to go still further.

Ill and weary, he pushed on southwards and came to the land of Kazembe, a chief with a terrible squint. He

restore his health quickly in order to continue his quest. Where could he possibly look for help?

One day in 1870, Susi came running and said gasping for breath, “An Englishman! I see him!” Indeed a caravan laden with goods soon entered the compound. A man emerged out of it and hastened to the spot where sat the old explorer. He stood gazing at him. Then rubbing his eyes stared at him once again and then exclaimed his famous words, “Dr. Livingstone, I presume!”

The visitor was the Anglo-American explorer and journalist, Henry Morton Stanley, who was sent by his employer, the *New York Herald*, to find the explorer and bring accurate information about him. For not having heard from Livingstone for a long long time, his welfare had become a matter of great international concern.

The arrival of Stanley acted as a tonic on the explorer’s failing health. He suddenly began to eat normally and gained strength, immensely enjoying the company of the man. Together they explored the region and after some months the visitor took his leave. But the indefatigable Livingstone continued his explorations all alone. Soon fever and disease made him weak once again. So much so, he could no longer travel by himself and had to be carried wherever he desired to go.

Early one morning in 1873 when his attendants went to his little hut, they found “the great master”, as they called him, kneeling by his bedside, his head buried in his hands. He was dead. Perhaps the end had come while he was praying.

His faithful men preserved their master’s body and carried it and his belongings all the way to the coast through almost 1,500 miles of hostile and dangerous territory. Then it was taken to England and with all honours was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey where his tombstone aptly reads:

***For 30 years his life was spent
In an untiring effort...
To explore the undiscovered secrets
To abolish the desolating slave-trade
Of Central Africa.***

Indeed David Livingstone was the greatest of all explorers of the so called Dark Continent. - **A.K.D.**



was warmly welcomed and the very first inhabitant to be introduced to Livingstone was the “lord-high-executioner”. He held in his hand a very sharp sword. Around his neck hung a special scissor-like instrument for cutting off ears. “This must be a very nasty work!” exclaimed the explorer. The lord-executioner answered him with a big grin. Then Livingstone noticed that the chief’s inner circle, too, had something missing from their faces. Then he realised that they must have all received the executioner’s special treatment.

With his health fast giving away, further exploration was impossible. Livingstone now needed rest and repose. So the party returned to Ujiji. He must now recover and

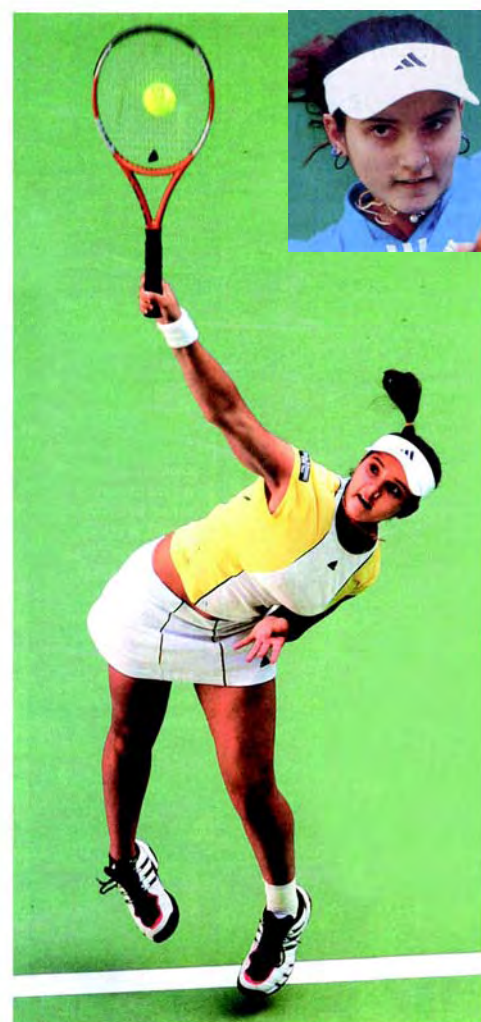
INDIA'S MARK IN WOMEN'S TENNIS

Sania Mirza is the latest toast to the nation. This 18-year-old tennis sensation created history when she won her maiden Women's Tennis Association (WTA) title at Hyderabad. She defeated Aloyna Bondarenko of Ukraine 6-4, 5-7, 6-3 in the singles final on February 12. It was a new high in her tennis career. She came into reckoning first when she and Sanaa Bhambri entered the semi-finals of the French Open in the girls doubles category on June 5, 2003. Three weeks later, she partnered Alisa Kleybanova of Russia to win the doubles title in the girls section at Wimbledon. Almost a year ago, Sania partnered Liezed Huber to lift the WTA doubles title. On January 21 this year, she rewrote history by becoming the first Indian woman to enter the third round of the Australian Open. She lost to second seeded Serena Williams of the USA. "Women's tennis has arrived," said the enthusiasts of the game.

The score at Hyderabad shows that though Sania was in a commanding position, there were moments of scare. Sania made a sluggish start, conceding a break point in her very first service game. But she broke back twice in the third and fifth games to clinch the first set 6-4. In the second set which went in favour of the Ukrainian, Sania was made to struggle and some of her strokes went wide over the line. When she made two double faults in the sixth game, helping her opponent to reach a formidable score of 4-2, there was pindrop silence in the open court. Sania fought back. However, Bondarenko ultimately made it 7-5.

In the third set, Sania took a 5-1 lead. The eighth game saw a spirited fight. In the ninth game, Sania thought that she had sent an ace to win the match point and went down on her knees in ecstasy, but the chair-referee pointed out that the ball had actually touched the net. Victory came at last in the next ball, sending the crowd to raptures. They were shouting "*Sania chchala gopadi!*" (Sania is the best) Two days after her historic win, the WTA revised the ratings : Sania moved up 35 places, from 134 to 99. The prize money at Hyderabad was US \$ 22,000 (nearly Rs. 10 lakh).

The Mirzas belong to Hyderabad. Sania was born in Mumbai on November 15, 1986. She started playing tennis at the age of six. Her first coach was none other than C.K. Bhupati, father of India's doubles champion Mahesh Bhupati. She learnt professional tennis at the Sinnet Tennis Academy in Secunderabad and later at the Ace Tennis Academy in the USA. She played her first international tournament in 1999 at the World Junior Championship in Jakarta. In 2003, she was made the brand Ambassador for the Government's "Save the Girl Child" campaign.



What is the link between the Big B of Indian cinema, Amitabh Bachchan, and Dr. Jonas Salk of the USA? One of the roles Big B currently plays, on the TV, is that of the good Samaritan who exhorts parents of children between the ages of 6 months and five years to visit the local health centres to be given the oral polio vaccine during the periodic nationwide campaign to provide immunity against the wasting disease.

He helps the reach of the vaccine to target audiences. That leads us to Dr. Jonas Salk who discovered the polio vaccine on March 26, 1953. On that day, he had the vaccine ready for human trial. The trials, spread over two years, confirmed the efficacy of the vaccine. Doctors the world over accepted the vaccine which emerged as the best answer to the disease. Simple oral dose, administered to children under the age of five, thrice every year at defined intervals provided them immunity against the disease for life. It was yet another milestone in man's fight against deadly or crippling viruses. That put Jonas Salk in the elite group of great scientists like Louis Pasteur and Edward Jenner.

His life-saving discovery did not come as a gift from the gods. It took him hard work, spread over several years, to track it down. He spent long hours, studying the virus that causes the disease. He investigated the nature, character and chemical composition of the virus. Then began the long quest for an effective antidote. Many were the false leads, many the frustrating moments when it looked as if the final answer was just round the corner, yet it turned out finally

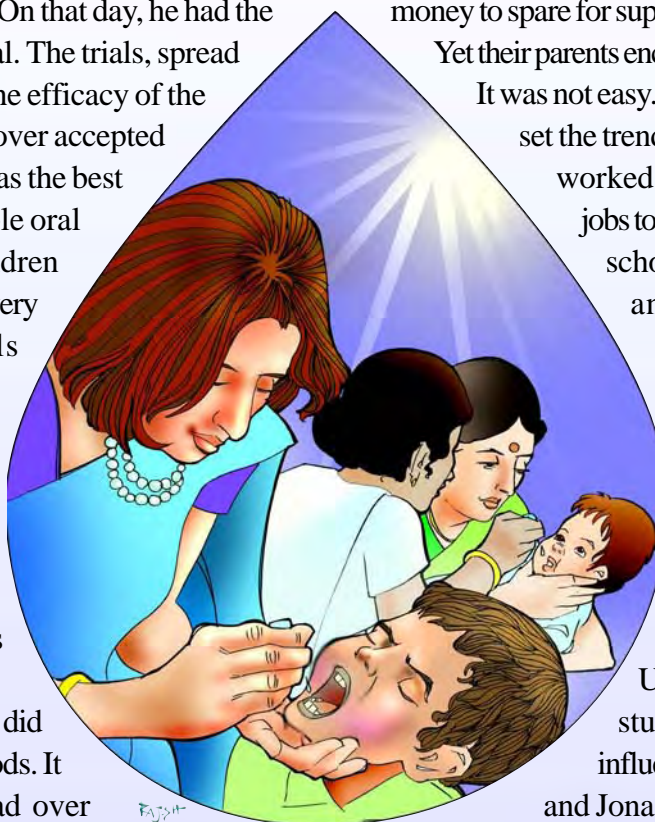
to be like the horizon, within sight but never reached. But Jonas Salk did not give up the chase. Finally, he identified the vaccine that would eliminate the virus that causes polio.

Jonas Salk was born on October 28, 1914, in New York. His parents, Jews of Russian origin, had left the land of their birth, partly to escape the growing anti-Semitism, and partly because they had heard that America was the land of riches. Salk Sr. found work at a tailoring establishment. The family just about made both ends meet. Jonas was a bright student, but there was hardly any money to spare for supporting the children at schools.

Yet their parents encouraged them to get education.

It was not easy. Jonas was the eldest child. He set the trend for his siblings to follow. He worked outside school hours at odd jobs to raise money to see him through school. He did well at his studies and soon managed to find scholarships to see him through. He toyed with the idea of studying for law, but soon changed course and pitched on medicine. He joined the New York University School of Medicine.

During his term at the University, he spent a year studying the virus that causes influenza. It was a new field of study and Jonas was glad that he got a break at such an early age. There was urgent need to find an effective cure for influenza. The political leadership remembered how, during the First World War (1914-18), influenza had laid down thousands of soldiers, often aborting well-laid out plans of action. With war clouds gathering in Europe, due to the rise of Nazism in Germany, the need to find an effective cure came to the forefront. A



BROUGHT TO BOOK



year studying the virus was just the right beginning for Jonas. He was young, and worked with total dedication in testing new medicines to check the virus.

In 1938, he graduated and returned to get to grips with the 'flu virus. The Second World War broke out in 1939. Public health experts feared a replay of the flu epidemic that had taken a heavy toll during the First World War. Salk got involved in the work. New and more effective medicines for the flu checked it. To that extent the war efforts did not get hampered.

In 1947, Salk accepted a teaching job at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School. He soon found the area in which he could continue his research. He spent his spare time, working at the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, trying to find more about the virus poliomyelitis (shortly polio).

The virus has been around for centuries. Yet, for long nobody knew how to check it. The virus first shows its presence when the victim, usually small children, comes down with fever. By the third day, the virus infects the spinal cord and the victim develops weakness of the limbs. In a few months, the muscles shrink. The limbs, more often than not one or other of the legs or both, waste away. The victim loses the use of the limb.

The virus left millions of children crippled for life. Salk took on the challenge. He resolved to find a means of eliminating the virus. Resolutions are easy to take, but hard to implement. It demands immense will power to

stay true to one's resolution. Salk had the strength of mind to keep his goal in focus. Not once did he swerve from the path.

The grind continued for six years. Finally, after several trials and false leads, Salk pinned down the vaccine. On March 26, 1953 he announced the development of a trial vaccine for Polio. The vaccine was concocted out of "killed" polio virus that retained the ability to immunize without the risk of infecting the patient. The vaccine was



tested, during the next two years, on 1,830,000 children. In every case, the vaccine proved safe and effective.

Salk established the Institute for Biological Studies (later known as the Salk Institute) in California in 1963. He continued his work on infectious diseases with total dedication for the rest of his life. He died on June 23, 1995. The world remembers him as a great saviour. He made the world safe for children with his gift of the vaccine that immunizes them to the polio virus.

Target For 2005: Zero Incidence

It was in the early '80s that Rotary International launched its mission to eradicate the dreaded disease of poliomyelitis from the face of the earth. Since the launch of the global polio eradication initiative, some 5,000,000 people have been spared of the several afflictions due to polio because they had been immunised in time. Rotary and its partners, like the WHO and the UNICEF, have successfully interrupted polio virus transmission in all but six countries. Rotary International has set 2005, which marks the centenary of this humanitarian organisation, to achieve the target of zero incidence.



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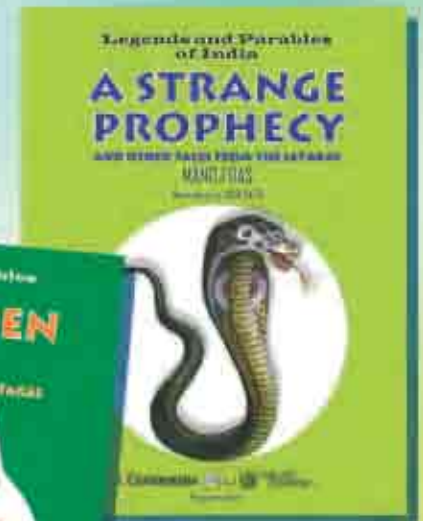
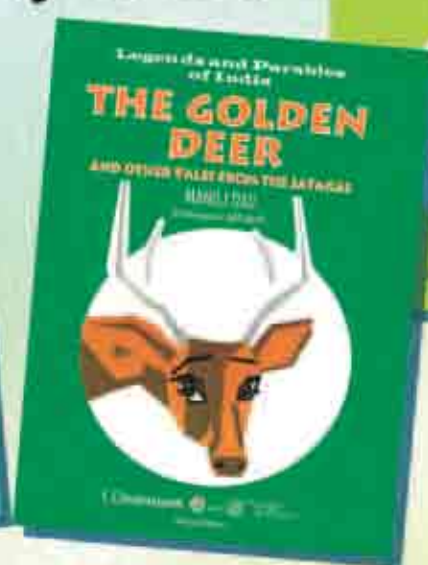
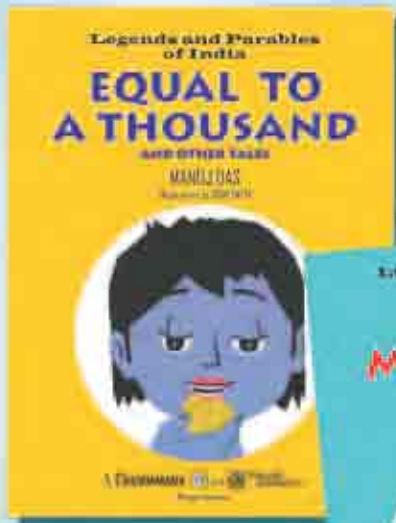
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WATER THE PRICELESS RESOURCE

Sanjay, a friend of Veena's father, has come to their city to attend a seminar. He is a scientist working with an NGO that addresses environmental issues.

In response to the family's queries, he tells them that the seminar is on water conservation. "You know, March 22 is World Water Day, as per the guidelines set down by the UN General Assembly. It is meant to promote public awareness on the importance of conservation of water resources. Our NGO aims to raise public awareness of this important issue by organising mass media programmes, workshops, and so on."

"What's so great about water conservation?" Veena is inquisitive.

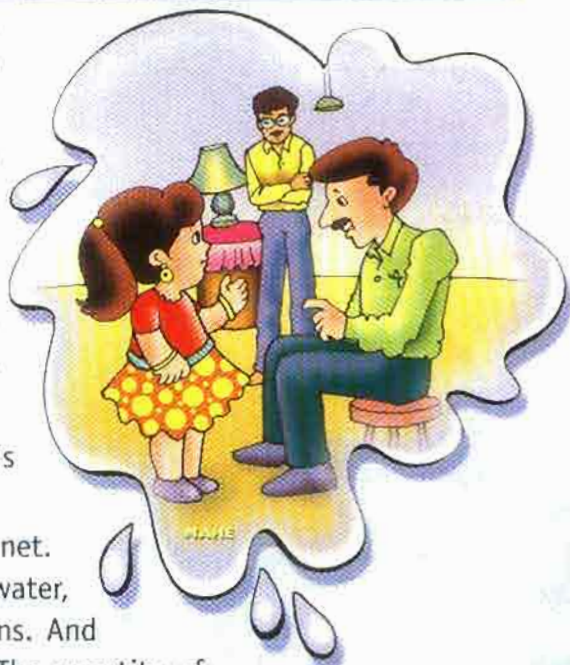
"Water is the most precious natural resource on this planet. Although 70 per cent of the earth's surface is covered by water, more than 99 per cent of this water is not usable by humans. And even most of the little that remains is beyond our reach! The quantity of potable water is very small and that, too, is shrinking rapidly."

"Gosh!" exclaims Veena. "Uncle, I never knew all these things before. I had always thought that we had plenty of water, not only for drinking, but for bathing, washing and gardening. The situation appears rather grim. Tell me, what can I do to conserve water?"

"Quite a lot," smiles Sanjay. "For starters, avoid wastage of water. Instead of using a hose to water the plants in your garden, use a watering-can or a bucket and mug. You only need to water them, you know, not soak them and wash away the soil! This way, you'll save a good deal of water. The same goes for washing your car as well." He pauses to look at his wide-eyed listener, and continues, "Another major source of water wastage is a dripping tap – it wastes much more water than you'd imagine! So, make sure you close the tap properly after you finish using it. If a tap is leaking, get it fixed promptly."

Veena's father suggests, "Why don't you think of other ways by which you can save water?"

"I will. From now on, I'll not waste a single drop of water!" promises Veena.



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